

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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WHAT BECOMES OF ... THE EMIGRANT?

THIS is undoubtedly the day of statisticians. There is no civilised Government which does not employ a large staff for the purpose of collecting and tabulating data in regard to its affairs. Very detailed accounts are kept of the sheep and oxen, the horses, pigs and even the feathered stock of each land; but when the enquirer wishes to ascertain facts of serious importance, he finds that in the official books of all countries there are a great many *lacunæ*. One of the questions that is asked in vain, and which is equally important to what we may call the place of origin and the place of settlement, is, What becomes of the emigrant? This surely is as much a matter of importance to those who send settlers as to those who receive them. During the month of March there has been an immense and steady migration of citizens from Europe to Canada, the United States and Australia. They go to an extent that is almost alarming from this country, from Germany, from Italy, from Russia and from France. It would not be difficult to collect and compare the figures for each country; but that is where the statistician stops. Yet it is of far greater importance to know what becomes of the settler when he lands, say, in the United States. Even if we had the information on broad lines, it would be useful. Into what industries are the new-comers received? The majority who go from this country are no doubt agriculturists, and they follow in the place where they settle the calling they pursued at home; but from the Continent of Europe there is a much larger outflow of town emigrants than there is from Great Britain. What becomes of the craftsmen? Some of them, at least,

must be considerably embarrassed when they land, because they have only scraped together that small minimum of wealth without which they would not be permitted to land; and the chances are that they have not calculated on the immense distances that separate towns on the other side of the Atlantic.

In our own country the most impecunious can get from place to place, when all other resources fail, on his legs. By a fiction of the law he is supposed not to beg, but it is safe to say that no *bona-fide* working-man, if he had to walk from London to Aberdeen in search of a job, would be permitted to starve by the way. Assistance would be given him. In America the idea of walking is out of the question, and, besides, the poor emigrants who are carried over from remote parts of Europe do not, as a rule, speak any tongue except their own. They must therefore be in terrible difficulties when they try to move about in a strange land. In consequence there must, one would think, be an accumulation of them at the port of landing. But that is by the way. What is of importance is to know how many of them settle and thrive in the land of their adoption. Are they people apart in it, or do they eventually melt into the general population? They must have done so in the United States of the past, and, indeed, the modern American is a composite product of cross-matings from all the different points of the compass. But in order to know their own composition one would think it would be well worth while for the authorities at Washington to keep trace of the men who seek the American shores and find out, as far as may be, the proportion of them who make good citizens of the Republic, the percentage who turn into idlers and wasters and the number who, either after failing or after achieving very great financial success, turn their eyes home again.

Even more valuable would it be for those countries that send emigrants to know what became of their expatriated children. For this business of emigration is a greatly growing one, and it is felt to be creating a new set of conditions in every European country. Continental statesmen have had their attention directed to it very emphatically in recent years, and still the stream goes on increasing. Moreover, the countries which are not yet closely settled become ever more particular in regard to the class they receive. Not less in the New World than in South Africa and Australia is it demanded that the emigration agent should, as far as possible, secure the very cream of the population. On their part that is very right and natural. It ensures that the New World will be built up of a desirable class of citizens. But the problem is far otherwise as it affects the countries from which the emigrants go. It would be important to know how far the statistics justify the prevalent impression that, whereas the Frenchman when he has made his fortune abroad likes to return and spend it in Paris, the German and the Russian tend to melt into the society of their adoption. The kind of investigation we have indicated affects Great Britain more than any other country in the world, because the emigrants of this country go to join daughter nations with which we are united in obedience to the same King. Only a small proportion of those who go out to Canada or Australia ever come back to live in this country; yet it has often struck us that, in Canada especially, the actual increase in population is very small indeed as compared with the vast tribe of emigrants which is always sweeping into the Dominion. What becomes of the surplus? No doubt there is a considerable interchange of population between Canada and the United States. United States farmers migrate to the Prairie Provinces and a proportion of British emigrants to Canada eventually find a home in the United States. There are very few who, after having once gone out, come back to this country, and it would be most highly interesting to have statistics prepared dealing with the point. If the whole subject is too large to be compassed, it might at least be practicable to take a typical group of emigrants and quietly trace the destiny of each individual. The knowledge thus gained would be as valuable in this country as in the Dominion.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Miss Macgregor, the daughter of Sir William Macgregor, G.C.M.G., C.B., and Lady Macgregor. Sir William Macgregor is the Governor of Queensland, and has the "Albert" and "Clarke" medals for saving life at sea, the Founder's medal of the R.G.S., and numerous other distinctions.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES.



IN subsequent numbers we hope the "Journal of the Board of Agriculture" will give fuller accounts of the state of agricultural labour. In the number issued on the 16th of this month it reproduces from the Board of Trade a rather scrappy account of farm labour in February; but the question is of so great importance that we hope much more attention will be devoted to it. We want to know how the labour market in the rural districts is being affected by the emigration returns, and to what extent wages are being influenced by town competition. Such information as is printed in the Journal goes to show that, generally speaking, there has been a considerable demand. The exact words used are "though, generally speaking, the supply of such men was sufficient, some scarcity was reported in several districts"; that was in regard to extra men or odd labourers, who, of course, are not much needed in the month of February. We are told that they lost a little time through bad weather in most districts; and more details on that point would be welcome also. It is certainly advisable that the numbers of these extra men should be reduced as far as possible by getting them enrolled as regular farm hands. Men for permanent situations are reported as having been scarce in certain districts, particularly in the Midland, Southern and South-Western Counties. Increases of a pound or more for the quarter were reported at the Candlemas hiring fairs in Cumberland. We may add that, according to the local papers, the rise in wages was a good deal more than this at the March fairs held in Northumberland. In other parts of the country a considerable rise has also taken place.

Those politicians who are desirous of eliminating party strife as far as possible ought to notice that there is agreement as to the unjust incidence of local rates at the present moment. Some proof of this is found in the fact that in last Saturday's *Nation*, usually considered the organ of the more advanced Liberals, and in the *Spectator*, which is the mouth-piece of a moderate Conservatism, there are articles which are in practical accord upon this subject. The writers are in harmony at least in regard to the existence of the evil. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine how anyone could defend the system on which our highways are maintained at the present moment. They are more and more used for through traffic, and yet the locality is, roughly speaking, made to pay for them. Before doing anything the Government ought to take means of finding out what the roads suffer most from. For example, those leading out of London are frightfully knocked about by the huge passenger omnibuses which now run out by all the main routes, in many cases to a considerable distance. The highway has become very much more expensive to keep in repair. In the country the worst injury is probably done by the heavy engines used for the purpose of dragging travelling threshing-machines and similar gear from place to place; though there are town industries equally bad, and some of them send out what is really a train of goods waggons to run on the high-road.

Now it cannot be too strongly emphasised that it would be very bad policy to interfere with the traffic for the purpose of preserving the roads. This would be a wrong principle altogether. The roads were made for the traffic, the traffic was not

made for the roads. In some quarters the idea is being mooted that the upkeep of the highway should be made wholly a matter of Imperial expenditure, and, indeed, one of the writers already referred to suggests that a penny should be added to the Income Tax for the purpose. We are not so sure that this would be just. There must, at any rate, be some preliminary enquiry into the cause of the increased expense. Everybody living in the country just now feels the enormous growth, that has occurred in the rates during the last ten or even five years, and the time has come when not only the highway rate, but the education rate and the poor rate require readjustment as to their incidence. At the same time, it is urgently required that measures should be adopted to secure greater economy in spending the money. The worst of grants in aid and sums from the Development Fund is that they are spent very often without that sense of responsibility which would be felt if those who have to spend the money had also to raise it. But at present we do not wish to go into details. It is enough to point out that there is sufficient agreement to make it possible for both parties to unite in a much-needed scheme for a readjustment of local taxation.

WALLFLOWERS.

One is dressed in velvet brown,
One hath got a golden gown,
Sweet and humble is their mien,
Modest handmaids for a queen.
Stoop! the thuribles they bring
Perfume all the paths of spring!

Winter winds, that stript the trees,
Had no withering power on these;
Through the rain and through the frost
Never heart of hope they lost;
Ready for their service—bliss
They will never ask but this,
Glint of sun, and light wind's kiss!

Though they win but meagre praises
'Mid the primroses and daisies,
Long ago a wearied mortal
Vigilant at wisdom's portal
Found the English morning hours
Sweeter for this waft of flowers.

Though in lone, forsaken places,
Brave and blithe they lift their faces;
Yet, in gardens, Brown and Gold
Please the young and cheer the old.
June's too wealthy!—I could spare
Half her splendour!—for my share
Flowers that brave the chill March air,
Debonair,
Like my wallflowers there.

AGNES S. FALCONER.

A cordial welcome will be extended to the first of an Economic Series of pamphlets issued by the Natural History Section of the British Museum, and all the more so because it is a timely reminder of a subject that should engage the attention of country householders at the present moment. Written by Mr. Ernest Austen of the Entomological Department, it deals with "The House-fly as a Danger to Health." Those who want a brief, clear life-history of this pest will find it in these pages, where the text is illustrated with admirable photographs. The case against the insect is thus stated: "Although the experimental evidence is as yet incomplete, there can be no doubt that, under certain conditions, these insects act as carriers of cholera, typhoid fever and tropical dysentery, while in connection with other maladies, such as infantile or summer diarrhoea, the house-fly at present rests under grave suspicion." Now the next important point is how to get rid of it. The main thing is to stop it from breeding, and, in order to do that, temporary accumulations of horse-manure should be stored in fly-proof pits, while closed receptacles are recommended for kitchen refuse. We should say it would be better still if all kitchen refuse were passed through the fire—the greatest of all purifiers. House-flies can go a distance of seventeen hundred yards, so that if they are to be kept down, a circle of which that distance would be the radius must be kept clear of flies round the house. It would not be very easy to do, but the result would be worth the trouble.

An interesting personality has been removed from the world of literature by the death of William Hale White, which occurred on March 14th at Groombridge. He was of a very retiring disposition, and at the time when "Mark Rutherford"

and his other books were most spoken of, very few people knew his real name. He was the son of a remarkable man who began life as "a compositor in a dingy printing-house." His son was marked out for the ministry, but his was the day of the heresy hunt and his views were too broad, so he turned to journalism and did a great deal of miscellaneous writing before he definitely won his spurs with "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford." This was followed by "Mark Rutherford's Deliverance," "The Revolution of Tanner's Lane," and two or three other books. They made for the writer a public of his own. All recognised the purity of his diction and a sort of absolute sincerity and reality in his work; but the atmosphere was grey and depressing. Mr. Hale White was not one of those of whom it could be said that their simple aim was but to please. He was a resolute exponent of the limitations of life in the English middle-classes, and was rather inclined to exaggerate the wretchedness of the poor. He was the father of a distinguished son, Dr. Hale White, the Senior Physician to Guy's Hospital and the author of several very important medical books.

Of those who contribute occasional verse to these pages, one of the most popular is Mrs. Dorothy Frances Gurney. Not once but many times has evidence of that been transmitted to the office. Occasionally it comes from an admirer in some distant part of the world who is anxious to obtain a collection of her poems; very often it takes the form of a request for permission to set her verse to music, and more than once visitors to Europe from different parts of the world have made a point of calling at this office to find out something about her and her work. How often has "The Lord God planted a Garden" been reprinted! It will come as a welcome piece of intelligence to her admirers that in the course of a month or six weeks we hope to be able to publish her verses in a book. Hitherto, it will have been noticed that the COUNTRY LIFE Library has fought rather shy of poetry, for, indeed, good verses, although they may delight "the fit though few," seldom command so large a sale as to tempt the publisher, who, even if he wished, cannot afford to issue books at a loss. Believing, however, in the number and keenness of the admirers of Mrs. Gurney, an exception has been made in her favour, and we trust the project will be supported not only for her sake, but for the sake of others whose poetry might receive a similar attention if this book were successful.

It is not easy to gather anything definite from the educational forecast given by Mr. J. A. Pease, President of the Board of Education. In reality it does not add much to Lord Haldane's declaration. He did say, however, that they are going to ignore the denominational question as a hopeless one. What they intended "was to stimulate the growth of the existing product, to induce all agencies to co-operate, and to fill up the various gaps in our educational system and to expand the scope of educational effort." Everybody will agree with these generalities, as they will with the aspiration that there should be a way of letting the best brains get to the top always. It is also true that while our system of elementary education is as good as any in the world, secondary education is still very far behind that of Germany, the United States and other countries.

In spite of the large number of gardening books which have been written lately, it is possible that there is still room for one which should treat of this great subject—literally as "old as Adam"—from the historical point of view. There is no doubt that if a person perfectly conversant with such a history were to be taken up by the hand of a genii and placed down again in the midst of any garden of pretensions, he would immediately be able to assign it to its correct date and category, just as certainly as a skilled geologist could tell to what period of the formation of the globe's crust belonged any stratum that was shown to him. At the present time we seem to be in a fashion which is an imitation of an older mode, with much tendency to respect the yew hedges and cut figures of yew which we associate with the Elizabethan period. In a matter which is essentially one of taste, it is wiser to avoid dogmatism, for the canons vary, and the zenith of good taste in one age becomes the nadir of absurdity in the next. We admire the formal yew hedge; we regard as ludicrous and farcical the labyrinthine fashion that turned a garden, which surely should be a thing of beauty, into a puzzle, and called it a "maze."

In these days, when we call for, and in the time of strikes often fail to obtain, our "taxi," we generally do so with the idea that the distance-measuring machine, mileometer or whatsoever we please to term the record of figures by which we regulate our payment, is quite a modern device. As a matter of fact, we find reference to an arrangement which in principle

is just the same, as far back as the date of John Evelyn of "Sylva" fame. In his diary for August 6th, 1657, we read the entry: "I went to see Colonel Blount who showed me the application of the *Way-wiser* to a coach, exactly measuring the miles and showing them by an index as we went on. It had 3 circles, one pointing to the number of rods, another to the miles, by 10 to 1000, with all the sub-divisions of the quarters; very pretty and useful." We used, it may be remembered, in days when bicycling was in fashion, to have a like recording machine on the cycle.

This year's Boat Race was of a far more exciting description than has been the case for some years. Cambridge were very severely handicapped, for three of their men had only just gone into the boat and were untrained, while a fourth suffered from throat trouble during the actual race. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, Cambridge managed to get the lead and to hold it almost to the end. They rowed in better style than the Oxford crew, and their superior watermanship gave them the advantage, though their stroke was slower and the Oxford effort seemed one desperate spurt from start to finish. Until Barnes Bridge was passed Cambridge appeared to be the less rowed-out crew, and their supporters felt that the race was won; then the half-trained men could not hold out any longer, and Oxford went up inch by inch, while the Cambridge crew had to swing out and lose way, as he had taken Oxford's water. At last daylight was seen no more between the boat and, at the very finish, Horsfall got a last effort out of his men; they seemed to leave Cambridge standing, and Oxford won a magnificent race by three-quarters of a length. Whatever might be said of the Oxford watermanship, they deserved their victory for their indomitable pluck; they won after the stage in the race had been passed when every onlooker thought that they were a beaten crew; but, rowed out as they undoubtedly were, their sheer, dogged perseverance gave them the race.

TO R. J. A. "GOOD-NIGHT."

Somehow it pleases me to know
That your eyes see this same sun-setting;
And if perchance the gold and rose
Don't tint your skies with just these glows
I know you're not forgetting.

I like to think the ghostly moon
That through my jealousies comes peeping,
Sheds on your pillow spectral beams,
Dimpling your lips in transient dreams
Of me, whilst you are sleeping.

Somehow it pleases me to feel
The farthest points are always meeting;
That when a home-bound wish I send
To you across the sea, dear Friend,
Your lips touch mine in greeting.

ELIZABETH KIRK.

Easter, with its holidays, coming early as it does this year, it is by an altogether kindly dispensation of Nature that her floral and other beauties are far more than usually forward to minister to the pleasure of the holiday-makers. Many of the date-names of our flowers and live things are usually a little in advance of what they should be to suit their bearers rightly, and, as a rule, the wise angler looks for his "March Brown" to hatch in April and regards his "May-fly" as a June hatcher. But all through this winter the temperature of the water, no less than of the air, has been higher than the normal, and this always brings the aquatic insects to an early maturity. It is not, to be sure, on many rivers that we look for our trout to be in any good condition, or to feed on the surface, until April. The West Country, with its game little trout of the moorland streams, is exceptional in this regard, and even the "February Red" is a fly to fish with occasionally, and not only to wonder at, there. But the angler who usually laments an early Easter should not, if the weather be fair, find his fortune at all so evil this year.

The few entries by a diarist in a Calendar of Birds bear quite as striking testimony as any of the floral data already published to the singular forwardness of the season. The observations were made in the north part of Sussex. He recalls the call-note of the great tit as first heard on December 20th of last year, the wood-pigeon's coo on January 2nd and the house-sparrow's musical call on the same day. On January 3rd a nuthatch was noted going in at its nesting-hole; but, of course, this implied more than a preliminary look round. The next entry is not till January 18th, when the chaffinch's song was heard. On February 7th frogs

were on spawn, and this is a very unusually early date. The coletit was giving its spring call on February 10th. On March 10th the meadow-pipit was calling and on the following day bumble bees were abroad. On the 12th the horse ant (*F. rufa*) was busy carrying sticks about, and on the same day a small bat (? pipistrelle) was flying in bright sunshine about 4 p.m.

The movement to establish local museums in small towns and villages is making headway. The pretty little Town Hall at Godalming has been let on lease for some time, but it is now

proposed to convert it into a museum. The district is rich in objects peculiar to it which must inevitably be caught up by the ubiquitous private collector if they cannot find a local habitation. Godalming lately lost an interesting collection in favour of Guildford because there was no museum to receive the gift. There is said to be a counter-proposal to destroy the Town Hall and put an underground lavatory in its place. It sounds incredible, and we prefer to believe that Godalming will see the wisdom of stimulating local patriotism by the double act of sparing a typical little building and giving it a new lease of usefulness as the home of its local antiquities.

THE FIRST SPRING HOLIDAY.

TO write about spring and holidays is not so easy on this particular morning as it would have been on any one of sixteen other days in March, because a keen wind has been blowing from a north-westerly direction and has brought with it showers of rain and snow and sleet, so that one has felt as if the days were going backward and we were returning to Christmas. Such circumstances cool any enthusiasm we might otherwise have felt for the ingenuity of the man who invented the "Golden Number" and gave mobility to the Easter festival. In England, almost above all other countries in the world, the inconvenience of having the first spring holiday movable in character is keenly felt. The English spring in itself is so capricious that good weather cannot be predicted even when Easter comes at the latest possible date; and when it is shifted forward to the earliest, then the chances are all against sunshine. This is a very strong argument for abolishing the movability and fixing an absolute date, just as we have one fixed for Christmas and other festivals. Yet we are compelled to admit that in olden times the inconvenience must have been as greatly felt as it is now.

To-day, people are crowded together in great cities, and they take the opportunity of a Bank Holiday to rush from the centres of population and scatter themselves over the seaside and the golf course, the mountain and the remote village. A large number even cross the sea and spend their recess in some Continental town. But Easter differs from Christmas in so far that it has always been more of an outdoor holiday. Its pagan counterpart was simply a rejoicing that the clouds and rains and snows of winter had passed away and the time of the singing of birds had come. The amusements proper to it were nearly all connected with the open air. Whereas at Christmas the family gathered round the fireside and played indoor



C. Donkin.

A ROADSIDE POOL IN EARLY SPRING.

Copyright.

games and ate and drank and made themselves merry, at Easter they betook themselves to the field, the common and the butts. Indeed, there are several things connected with Lent, such as the gathering of catkins on Palm Sunday, which showed that even amid the spring fasting there was a tendency to seek the sunshine and the joy of earth. So on the village greens the children met on Easter Monday to bowl the Pace eggs which they had collected from their neighbours and dyed, while their elders engaged in such sports of the country-side as wrestling, running, jumping, boxing and, if we go back over a hundred years, single-stick. In the Vale of White Horse there were Easter Monday meetings held up to the middle of last century, of which the advertisement bills are still extant, in which the sports included matches at single-stick for the prize of a new hat.

In mediæval England archery was a common pastime, and probably serious practice at it began on Easter Monday, while the mystery players went round from house to house with their little drama. The chief characteristic of the Easter of olden times was its great reaction from the long abstinence of Lent. The families

They have their appointed time, and they usually keep it. Indeed, an explanation has been put forward that the earliness is due to another cause altogether. Last year it may be remembered that at daffodil-time we had a spell of the most brilliant sunshine; April was more like a summer than a spring month, and the theory is that the bulbs were ripened much earlier than usual.

In other words, the yellow daffodils are now exhibiting the effects of the extraordinary sunshine that they experienced last April. This sounds very plausible, but then, it would have to be applied all round. In a little garden not far from London the outdoor peach trees, as we write, are in full bloom, the pear blossom is beginning to show, and there are plums that have already been in full bloom, to say nothing of the garden flowers that have made a premature appearance. The owner of the garden is glad enough to see the flowers, but as his favourite hobby is that of growing fruit, the advent of these precocious blossoms inspires him with only melancholy. The chances against early blossoms developing into fruit are at least a thousand to one. Never was an English spring



THREE STURDY LABOURERS.

in the country which had been confined to a diet of salt fish for forty days now slew the hen which had been fattened up in anticipation. Nowadays good food has become so common that it is scarcely taken into consideration when an anniversary has to be celebrated. Those who are in the habit of dining well all the year round scarcely understand why their ancestors made so much of a good meal. Now, when the struggle for a means of living is not so desperate, the pleasures of Easter are more refined and æsthetic.

Easter is early, but so are the flowers and the vegetation. Students of plant-life find it rather difficult to explain the extraordinary quickness with which the blossoms have come forward this spring. We have it on the authority of Shakespeare that in the roaring month daffodils come before the swallow dares, but then he was writing according to the old calendar and thinking of the days that we now call April. In a general way there are no English daffodils out in March except in such favoured positions as the Scilly Islands and other parts of Cornwall. April is generally with us before they flower. And bulbous plants are not as a rule hastened much by a mild winter.

known to pass without carrying with it a touch of winter. The year has been very exceptional so far in its mildness, and may prove to be still more so by passing without any hard frost; but the snow and hail of the morning on which these lines are being written do not incline one towards optimism.

However, what we are considering is the explanation that the earliness this year may have been caused by the brilliant, summery weather of last spring. It is more reasonable to suppose it an effect of the very open winter. Plant-life has scarcely had any time to enjoy its usual rest. Some wild plants, like the ordinary blackberry, have remained practically evergreen, and even in the last days of February the hawthorns were breaking into bud. So it is with a thousand other plants and shrubs that are already beginning to show that light and beautiful green garb which they usually begin to don in mid-April.

Birds, which William Morris in one of his most poetic moments called flying blossoms, are even more precocious than the flowers this year. Some of them have scarcely rested from their love-making. There has not been a month of the



C. J. Lync.

THE BRIGHTENING GRASS.

Copyright.

winter during which the cooing of the ring-dove has not been heard. Thousands of these birds appear to have been lured into mating long before the appropriate season. Other birds, such as the thrush and the lark, the great tit and the hedge-sparrow, make a melody in the morning that is more suggestive of the merry month of May than of blustering March. Indeed, there is scarcely any wild bird that has not mated earlier than usual this year. The partridges had separated into pairs and were calling to one another in the fields before the shooting season was over. The sparrows, which seem to be falling into the habit of breeding all the year round, were seen carrying bits of hay to their nests during Christmas week. Rooks,

which usually begin the serious work of nest-building in late February or early March, had developed by the end of January that curious hoarsening of the voice which with them is an invariable prelude to breeding. Thus in every possible respect the season has, as it were, run on in advance to meet the early Easter. Even the hares were as mad in early February as they are proverbially thought to be in March. Thus the lover of Nature, if the sun will only give him a chance this year, will have a delightful opportunity of enjoying the cold purity of early spring. Everywhere he will witness its tokens. By the river-side the willows, which at this time are usually only showing their catkins, are bursting into leaf. The herbage on the margin



YOUTHFUL EASE.

is as brilliantly green as it could possibly be at the end of April. Green, too, are the cornfields and the meadows. Hedgerows are alive with buds. The woods and plantations are exhibiting that delicate gradation of colour which comes when they are putting aside their dark winter dress for spring's light and

graceful garb. It is indeed an extraordinary year, and those who have been "in city pent" since Christmas will have a fine opportunity of seeing the heralds of summer in their earliest stage. Young life is everywhere showing itself abundant, free and happy.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IT is always a little surprising and often more than a little disconcerting to catch sight of ourselves, not as we think we appear, but as others see us. Inhabitants of this country will, we are sure, be fascinated with the vivid account which M. Roger Boutet de Monvel has written, and Mr. G. Herring translated, of *Eminent English Men and Women in Paris* (David Nutt). The title is scarcely as particular as it might be, since it might lead the reader to expect a general history of the English in France, whereas, practically speaking, only one period is dealt with. It begins with Napoleon's prisoners. After the Treaty of Amiens tourists from this country had crossed over to France in an unbroken stream. About 1804 one of them wrote: "I believe that there have never been so many English people in Paris as there are now." But war broke out very suddenly. England made many seizures by sea, and Napoleon retorted by ordering that every English subject in France should be arrested and treated as a prisoner of war. Among them was James Forbes, who had gone abroad in order to make preparations for the education of his daughter. When he entered the Hôtel de la Rochefoucauld, it struck him that the landlord was not quite so cordial as he might have been. He was still more astonished when, ushered into one of the chief rooms of the hotel, he was informed that he was a prisoner. A great many who were assembled at Valenciennes, Orleans and Fontainebleau were sent to Verdun, and the first part of this book deals with that erstwhile dull and stagnant provincial town. The acute citizens rose to the occasion. Many of these English tourists were very rich, and they were not the sort of people to sit down calmly and lead the life of a recluse, so the hotel-keepers painted up the outsides of their buildings, cafés and shops suddenly became gay with jewels and ornaments, and the eating-house-keepers put all their zeal into supplying the foreigners with good food:

But it was the eating-house keepers who showed the most untiring zeal. All the most expensive delicacies from the most distant provinces were provided by them—*pates de foie gras* from Strasburg, truffled pullets from Paris, oysters from Cancale, turbot and cod from the Atlantic, and tunny from the Mediterranean. The conductors of the diligences declared that they were met half a league from Verdun by messengers anxious to arrive first and secure the baskets at any price.

There were a great many young Englishmen and, as their manner is, they very soon reproduced the institutions they had been accustomed to in Verdun. They got over their best carriages and saddle-horses with their grooms; they encouraged shops kept by the English; they had club-houses, livery stables, news-rooms and an English church. Numbers of the frail sex in Paris heard of them and hastened like vultures to their prey. These behaved themselves so ill that a considerable portion of them had to be sent back. Among the prisoners were several who have left pretty full accounts of the life that was led. Among them were Lord Blayney and Mr. Richard Langton. This chapter was ended by the retreat of Napoleon. The First Consul himself stopped under an assumed name at the Trois Maures Inn and ate a supper that had been prepared for him. As he was starting he ordered that all the prisoners should be sent back to the fortress. Then he hurried on as fast as he was able to Paris. As the allied armies advanced indescribable scenes were witnessed:

"In one instance," says Lord Blayney, "I saw a mother and several children in a little cart drawn by a cow and a goat, and another in which an ass and a large dog were yoked together. Shortly after, the town became the scene of the most complete confusion, in consequence of the sudden evacuation of the depots of the army formed at Metz. Day and night the streets were filled with pieces of artillery, caissons, waggons loaded with soldiers' clothing and other military furniture, followed by small detachments of cavalry of different corps, whose horses, as well as the men, were worn down with sickness, fatigue, and famine." We hasten away from Verdun, not because we have done more than glance at the excellent reading which the author provides, but after Waterloo, when the Allies advanced to Paris, the scene became much more dramatic. Paris was in the position of a conquered town:

In the Luxembourg, the Place de la Concorde, in the Tuileries and in the Louvre, the Prussians were encamped; in the Champs-Élysées the English, and opposite to them, in the Champ de Mars, the Prussians again. Further, at the head of every bridge, in front of the Arc de Triomphe and on the Place du Carrousel, two pieces of ordnance stood ready mounted, with gunners standing by, flintlock and sponge in hand.

A very marked contrast is shown between the conduct of the English and that of the Prussians, who behaved most barbarously:

The Prussian officers and soldiers, says our author, however, undertook to remind France of the fact that it was a conquest every day. Since they crossed the frontier, it had been one continuous pillage, one long procession of murders, violations, incendiarisms—wilful and wanton destruction. And in Paris the same acts of violence occur, one of their favourite amusements being to knock down cab drivers, or, penetrating in numbers into the Bois Royal, to insult the women, thrash the men, and sack the shops.

Castellane writes at the same time that "The English are very much praised," and, indeed, the Parisians were glad of their protection:

The French gazed with surprise at these big, imperturbable, stern, who, although masters of the town, never dreamed, it would seem, of making too harsh an advantage of their victory, who respected women, paid for what they took, and dignified, stiff and placid, went about and took their walks abroad, braced in tight trousers and short scarlet shell-jackets.

If this was true of the English army, the Highlanders afforded them extraordinary amusement, "with their ingenious faces, surmounted by tall busbies, strutting along with bare legs," and "the fine ladies, as they eyed their short kilts through their lorgnons, confided their fears to each other in a whisper: 'My dear! If it should be windy!'"

The best evidence of the good behaviour of the English in contrast with that of the Prussians is that during the whole of the stay of the former only one man was found dead in the streets, and it is not at all certain that he died by violence; whereas the riotous proceeding of Blucher's followers was the cause of many a tragedy. Their leader was not without blame, and if it had not been for the Duke of Wellington he would have exhibited his ideas of what he meant by sacking a city. The Duke of Wellington himself made a very mixed impression on the Parisians. They admired his regular, aristocratic features and his unemotional manners; but, on the other hand, they did not quite understand the manner in which he did what he chose to do without the slightest reference to public opinion:

It must have been odd and amusing to see so many great ladies courting the same favours at the same time; and, on the other hand, it was doubtless no less piquant to note the noble simplicity and touching ease with which this "magnanimous hero, whose amours were scattered all over the world," received their very humble devotion.

But the Duke set the example in organising balls and conducting festivities at which the allied monarchs and the general staff were present. Indeed, it is remarkable that Paris almost immediately recovered from any dejection caused by the Battle of Waterloo, and began to present a most animated and picturesque appearance; "never had the whole town seemed so full of life and gaiety." A number of English ladies like Lady Castlereagh, Lady Aldborough and Lady Oxford "settled down boldly and kept open house":

"The thing is in the highest degree comical," declares Edward Stanley: "Paris is not like itself. Where are the French? Nowhere. Everything is English. English carriages fill the streets, and one does not see a smart vehicle anywhere that is not English. In the boxes of the theatres, in the hotels and restaurants, in fact everywhere, John Bull has settled down and taken possession. Only here and there in the town, or tottering round about the Tuileries, do we catch sight of a few well-powdered, little old men wandering about, dried up and wrinkled like mummies, and with their ribbons and their crosses of Saint-Louis on their breasts."

It is so tempting to go on quoting from this vivacious book that one has hardly time to stop and consider the fairness and even generosity with which it is written, the author's quiet appreciation of the English character and how it differs from that of the French. He makes few comparisons that imply inferiority or superiority, but he sees with absolute lucidity the national traits as exemplified in each. This is even more marked when he deals with the years a little later than Waterloo—those in which Lady Blessington became a figure and when Thackeray came on the scene.

In a sense the great novelist was the most French of all our men of letters, and yet how soundly and sanely English he remained. Those times he spent in Paris not only gave us such delicious things as "Bouillabaisse," but caused him to introduce many a French bit into his novels. It was mostly chaff of our neighbours, but of the entirely good humoured description.

A POET OF PASSION.

Poems and Songs (Second Series), by Richard Middleton. (Fisher Unwin.)

THOSE will welcome this second gleanings who have waited eagerly for the fragments of Richard Middleton's verse in the pages of the Reviews, and who sought vainly in the volume published in the summer for many a fine lyric that they had admired as it came hot from the Press. The editor tells us that we have before us all that is mature of Middleton's poetry, so it is time to attempt to make some estimate of his genius. In a measure he is akin to Ernest Dowson, though the earlier poet at his best does not rise to Middleton's customary level, nor had he such a wealth of inspiration. But of them both we feel that, though they died young, they had reached the full measure of their accomplishment. "They were born of desire and perfected in sleep"; they had no message that needed the heavy-gaited years to bring it to maturity; their song was like the birds, of love and the springtime of life; and when springtime is over, for such as these the greatest mercy is the white peace of death. We are told that during Middleton's lifetime no publisher would bring out his poems; that work of this quality was passed by, when so much worthless verse is foisted on to the world, is a comment on the perspicuity of publishers, which would be humorous were it not tragical. Well might Middleton write:

Fair roses, dear gentles, I know it is true,

I am a fool for my pains; I sell roses to you!

Poverty and misfortune were his tutors, and the marvel is that out of the sunless days he could create songs purely magical, not that he learned

All those who love are crucified,

but that he reared the gold of his utterance from the sordid dross of his life and created his songs out of the bitter herbs that were his portion. This volume contains several poems which seem to be autobiographical; first among them is "To Althea, who loves me not," splendid in the pride and pageantry of the verse, magnificent in imaginative brooding, brutal in its analysis and shameful in its conception; it brings before us the weaver of tapestries, the magician, the cynical humorist, and the disenchanted fretful child whose life told too often of "the expense of spirit"; indeed, it portrays Richard Middleton, the poet, and in these few lines he has written both his biography and epitaph. In "The Boy Poet" Middleton tells us that his song is sung—he had no mission.

Like wild flowers in a chaplet redolent with the strange heavy perfumes of an Eastern garden are the children's verses scattered through this volume. All too few in number, one of the most delightful is "A Child's Night Song," which begins:

Nurse has taken off my things
And the gas is burning low,
All the birds on sleepy wings
Went to bed some time ago.

So I stand beside my bed,
Sing my little hymn, and say
With a nodding sort of head,
"I've enjoyed myself to-day!"

Perhaps it is in his simplest lyrics that his genius is seen to the greatest advantage, for the goblins of Doubt and Desire are at rest for a while. The space at our disposal will not permit of more, though the pictures in which, in a few lines, he has laid bare the inmost soul of places would alone give him the immortality which is his due. For those who know the broad horizons, the treeless, wind-swept sand dunes and dyked inland where Belgium becomes Holland, there is no need for comment on this picture, delicate and magical as a Japanese water-colour:

HEYST-SUR-MER.

Under the arch of summer
The great black ships go by,
The sun is like a bead of blood
Upon the wounded sky,
The girls are dancing, dancing,
And night falls tenderly.

Would I were on a great ship
With the wind upon my face,
And the water's music in my ears,
And the rigging's song of grace,
Would I were on a great ship
Bound to a new place.

Where trees are and flowers are
And breakers on the shore,
Where a child might find all the dreams
That he had known before,
Where I should be at peace at last
And the girls would dance no more.

Under the arch of summer
The great black ships go by;
There is a madness in the wind,
A wonder in the sky,
And the girls are dancing, dancing . . .
No peace, no peace have I.

NOVELS.

An Affair of State, by J. C. Snaith. (Methuen.)

THERE is a quite delightful humorous detachment in Mr. J. C. Snaith's attitude towards the actors in this clever political novel. Permitting his imagination an excursion into the future, he anticipates the probability of a deadly feud arising between Capital and Labour; and, having discovered his situation, swiftly scans the horizon for a saviour. This saviour materialises in one, the Right Hon. James Draper, whose friendship with the Duchess of Rockingham,

marriage with "a daughter of the feudal aristocracy," and position as the strongest man in the country, lend him peculiar possibilities as a formidable problem offered for his opponents' confusion. Mr. Snaith makes the most of his material, and there is not a dull moment in the book. Intrigue and counter-intrigue develop with a spontaneity that carry the narrative along at a great pace, to eventually discover to us James Draper in the recently acquired rôle of Prime Minister magnanimously welcoming to his Cabinet the diminished Evan Mauleverer, Leader of the Right, whose loyalty to a dead colleague demands this concession to his adversary. A witty and light-hearted comedy, told with much grace and charm.

Fire and Frost, by Maud Cruttwell. (John Lane.)

THE problem involved in Miss Maud Cruttwell's novel is not entirely one of a marriage of uncongenial temperaments. When Clare Glynne marries Loutfi Sabaheddine, a young Egyptian, who, meeting her in Florence, falls ardently in love with her, as much attracted by her coldness as by her desirability as a wealthy woman, she takes double risks. From his childhood indulged and ministered to, his vices encouraged rather than corrected, the Egyptian wins Clare Glynne by playing upon her pity, to which his boyish attraction makes an acute appeal. Possession, however, develops in Sabaheddine the despotism, jealousy and tyranny of a race holding woman in subjection, and very soon the cultured and independent Englishwoman appreciates the gulf that yawns between an amusing friendship and a mistaken marriage. Bringing her common-sense and optimism to bear upon the situation, she attempts to make the best of it, to discover at the last that Sabaheddine's fancy has strayed. The book is an interesting one, written from a thoughtful standpoint, and is cleverly descriptive of the Italian setting in which it is placed.

Minna, by Karl Gjellerup. (William Heinemann.)

CONSIDERED dispassionately, there is little in the character of Mr. Karl Gjellerup's Minna to explain her attraction for the young Dane, Harald Fenger. Yet the story is one of those engrossing tragedies of a love in part requited and in part denied which wring an indulgent pity from the human heart. On the title-page is quoted: "To live with thee is far less sweet than to remember thee," and it is this thought that embodies the inspiration of Minna. The daughter of German parents, Minna Jagemann is, when Fenger first meets her, working for a livelihood. Unfortunate in her home environment, Minna herself, modest, imaginative and not emotional, has, through early association with vice, lost something of youth's innocence and has gained an uncharacteristic cynicism. Befriended in her girlhood by the artist Stephensen, who lodged with her mother, and from not altogether unselfish motives attempted to impress the daughter's mind with his own ideas, Minna feels herself to a certain extent in debt to the man who brought her to some realisation of herself and with whom she has never broken. It is this gratitude, not altogether unmixed with attraction, which ultimately comes between her and Fenger, induces her to marry Stephensen and so wreck Fenger's happiness and her own. That Minna should so sacrifice Fenger to Stephensen is inevitable, and, in the circumstances, an end not to be regretted.

His Dear Desire, by Margaret Watson. (Smith, Elder.)

THE extreme simplicity of *His Dear Desire* lends the story its most salient characteristic, an agreeable one which, combined with a homely shrewdness in the portrayal of the quiet life of a small town in the South Midlands, has its sure appeal. Though Bob Wyatt, whose dear desire it is to gain possession of Thrup Mill, is the ostensible hero of the story, he is much more the instrument by which the small world of Thrup is introduced to us. A narrow and limited world enough, its quiet routine is so faithfully, tenderly and unaffectedly followed by the author that we are held by its slow-moving, drowsy hum of life and the petty loves, jealousies and tyrannies of those who come and go in Miss Margaret Watson's pages.

The Granite Cross, by Mrs. Fred Reynolds. (Chapman and Hall.)

THERE is something of the real spirit of the West Country in Mrs. Fred Reynolds' book, *The Granite Cross*. The story is concerned with Colperra Cove and a young fisherman, Mathew Treen, who in secret has indulged in the irresistible impulse of the artist, to create. To Colperra comes Judith Marsdon and beguiles Treen's secret from him. Vain, frivolous, pleasure-loving, she sees in him a fair target for her arrows; and swiftly marks him down, with hardly a thought for unpleasant consequences. As the event shows, his love proves an incentive to his fighting for freedom, and Treen comes into his own. Slight though the story is, it has interest, is enveloped in a distinctive local atmosphere, and gives a sense of the open air, space, colour and simple healthy life.

The Divine Folly, by Ella MacMahon. (Chapman and Hall.)

CHARACTERISED by clever workmanship, a graceful and cultured style and the betrayal of no mean powers of attainment, *The Divine Folly*, by Miss Ella MacMahon, is a novel of uncommon attraction. The Divine Folly is love, and the diverse temperaments in which she portrays its effects for us are each interesting beyond the average. In particular is Miss MacMahon successful in the case of Elma Fancourt, the quietly self-engrossed, self-deceived and acceptably "nice" woman whose disloyalty to Blanche Adeane costs the latter the husband she has ceased to love, while still capable of jealousy of his passion for another woman. But Elma Fancourt is a coward, and, brought up sharply to realisation of the danger of her position by the accident which betrays her to Blanche, she refuses to defy her world for Larry Adeane, effects a diplomatic break with him, and almost immediately sets about to consider the wisdom of securing herself from his further importunities by marriage. Opportunity presents itself in the person of the youthful St. John Adeane, Larry's next-of-kin, whose boyish fancy for Ruth Frere, a somewhat unconvincing feminine guardian angel, has met with a serious rebuff. The complications which follow are excellently managed by a forcible and competently-equipped student of character, who, with her people well in hand, and her plot the natural outcome of their various temperaments, makes every claim for our gratitude to her for a sound and able piece of good work.

ENGLAND OBTAINS THE TRIPLE CROWN.



VIGOROUS TACTICS AT THE LINE OUT.

BY the victory over Scotland at Twickenham on Saturday last, England has regained the Calcutta Cup and the International championship. As England has won all three Internationals, she obtains the mythical honour known as "The Triple Crown" for the third time in the history of the game. The last occasion upon which this distinction fell to England was in 1892, when the games were won without a single point being scored against the victors. This year has been little less remarkable, for the English line has not been crossed in the three matches, and the only score against is a dropped goal by Lloyd.

The results can now be tabulated :

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Points for			Points against		
					Goals.	Tricks.	Points.	Goals.	Tricks.	Points.
England ..	3	3	0	0	3*†	6	30	1*	0	4
Wales ..	3	2	0	1	4†	2	24	5*†	1	25
Scotland ..	3	1	0	2	4	3	29	4*	2	25
Ireland ..	3	0	0	3	7**†	0	31	8†	8	60

* Dropped Goal.

† Penalty Goal.

While the team of 1892 included some very great players, it is difficult to make comparisons, as they belonged to a very different generation. But this year the play has been disappointing in some measure ; it has always promised to be great and then has not attained, partly, we think, because the teams were so evenly matched and also because the methods in vogue were similar and the men knew each other's play ; there was little room for brilliant individual methods to succeed ; the potentialities of Poulton, Coates, Lloyd and Bryn Lewis were gauged to a hair, and the sides they played against marked them relentlessly. From the onlookers' point of view, dash and subtlety in attack are much more interesting than soundness in defence ; but the very causes which have militated against spectacular three-quarter play have made the season great in defence.

On Saturday the English team had most of the ball, and, save for occasional short bursts on the part of Scotland, they were attacking hard the whole time. Yet the only score they obtained was when Brown dived through and just got in. England had everything on their side ; in Coates, Poulton, Tarr and Lowe they had a three-quarter line who were superior both individually and as a combination to the opposing four ; yet, in spite of the many times they came within an ace of success, they failed to score. It is true that the wind was against England and made passing dangerous, while Poulton was indulging in one of those days on which he drops his passes or hands them forward ; but, still, one felt that Davies should have trusted his backs more, and he also showed his usual weakness by starving Tarr and Lowe.

Coates was the hero of the day ; time after time he went down the field like a battering ram, leaving a trail of recumbent Scots behind him, but the defence was magnificent ; if the first three men could not stop him, the fourth did, and he was never able to get in, though he nearly put Poulton across on one occasion by passing on the line. During the beginning of the first half the English forwards had by no means the best of it, but they played very gamely. Later on in the game, however, the extra work done in going across to help their backs in defence told on the Scotch pack, and England usually managed to get the ball, though they heeled in a rather slovenly fashion.

On defence, for England Johnston, Poulton and Davies were very safe ; while Sweet and Wallace had much to do with keeping out the English three-quarters, and worked heroically, especially during the last quarter of an hour, when England seemed at every moment to be on the point of adding to their score. Time finished soon after Lowe's apparent try, and a great match was won by England with a score of 3 points to nil.



ENGLAND GET AWAY WITH THE BALL.

NOTWITHSTANDING

by Mary
Cholmondeley



CHAPTER VI.

IT was five months later, the middle of February. Annette was lying in a deck-chair by the tank in the shade of the orange trees. All was still, with the afternoon stillness of Tenerife, which will not wake up till sunset. Even the black goats had ceased to bleat and ring their bells. The hoopoe, which had been saying "Cuk-cuk-cuk" all the morning in the pepper tree, was silent. The light air from the sea, bringing with it a perfume as from a bride's bouquet, hardly stirred the leaves. The sunlight trembled on the yellow stone steps, and on the trailing climbing bougainvillea which had flung its mantle of purple over the balustrade. Through an opening in a network of almond blossom Annette could look down across the white water-courses and green terraces to the little town of Santa Cruz, lying glittering in the sunshine, with its yellow and white and mauve walls and flat roofs and quaint cupolas, outlined as if cut out in white paper sharp white against the vivid blue of the sea.

A grey lizard came slowly out of a clump of pink verbena near the tank, and spread itself in a patch of sunlight on a little round stone. Annette, as she lay motionless with thin, folded hands, could see the pulse in its throat rise and fall as it turned its jewelled eyes now to this side, now to that, considering her as gravely as she was considering it. A step came upon the stone flags. The lizard did not move. It was gone. Mrs. Stoddart, an erect lilac figure under a white umbrella, came down the stone steps with a cup of milk in her hand. Mrs. Stoddart's forcible, incongruous face, with its peaked, indomitable nose and small, steady, tawny eyes under tawny eyebrows, gave the impression of having been knocked to pieces at some remote period and carelessly put together again. No feature seemed to fit with any other. If her face had not been held together by a certain shrewd benevolence which was spread all over it, she would have been a singularly forbidding looking woman. Annette took the cup and began dutifully to sip it, while Mrs. Stoddart sat down near her.

"Do you see the big gold-fish?" Annette said.

Mrs. Stoddart put up her pince-nez and watched him for a moment swimming lazily near the surface. "He seems much as usual," she said.

"It is not my fault if he is. I threw a tiny bit of stick at him a few minutes ago, and he bolted it at once; and then, just when I was beginning to feel anxious, he spat it out again to quite a considerable distance. He must have a very strong pop-gun in his inside."

Mrs. Stoddart took the empty cup from her and put it down on the edge of the tank. "You have one great quality, Annette," she said. "You are never bored."

"How could I be with so much going on round me? I have just had my first interview with a lizard. And before that a manthis called upon me. Look, there he is again on that twig. Doesn't he look exactly like a child's drawing of a dragon?"

A hideous grey manthis, about three inches long, walked slowly along an almond-blossomed branch.

"He really walks with considerable dignity considering his legs bend the wrong way," said Mrs. Stoddart; "but I don't wish for his society."

"Oh, don't you? Look. Now he is going to pray."

And the manthis suddenly sat up and appeared to engage in prayer. Annette watched him, fascinated, until his orisons were over, and he slowly went down again on all fours and withdrew himself into the bougainvillea. Mrs. Stoddart looked searchingly at Annette, not without a certain pride. She had still the bruised, sunken eyes of severe illness, and she rolled them slowly at Mrs. Stoddart, at the manthis, at the sky, at everything in turn in a manner which exasperated the other occupants of the pension, two ladies from Hampstead, who considered her a mass of affectation. The only thing about Annette which was beautiful was her hands, which were transparent, blue-veined, ethereal. But her movements with them also were so languid, so "studied," that it was impossible for spectators as impartial as the Hampstead ladies not to deplore her extreme vanity about them. To Mrs. Stoddart, who knew the signs of illness, it was evident that she was still weak; but it was equally evident that the current of health was surely flowing back.

"I remember," said Mrs. Stoddart, "being once nearly bored to extinction, not by an illness, but by my convalescence after it."

"I have no time to be bored," said Annette, "even if there is a manthis and no lizard. Since I have been

better, so many things come crowding into my mind that, though I lie still all day, I hardly have time to think of them all. The day is never long enough for me."

There was a short silence.

"I often wonder," said Annette, slowly, "about you."

"About me?"

"Yes. Why you do everything for me as if I were your own child, and, most of all, why you never ask me any questions; why you never hint to me that it is my duty to tell you about myself."

Mrs. Stoddart's eyes dropped. Her heart began to beat violently.

"When you took charge of me, you knew nothing of me except evil."

"I knew the one thing needful."

"What do you mean?"

"That you were in trouble."

"For a long time," said Annette, "I have been wanting to tell you about myself, but I couldn't."

"Don't tell me if it distresses you."

"Nothing distresses me now. The reason I could not was because for a long time I did not rightly know how things were or who I was. And I saw everything distorted—horrible. It was as if I were too near, like being in a cage of hot iron and beating against the bars, first on one side and then on the other, till it seemed as if one went mad. You once read me long ago that poem of Verlaine's ending, 'Et l'oubli d'ici-bas.' And I thought that was better than any of the promises in the Bible which you read sometimes. I used to say it over to myself like a kind of prayer. 'Et l'oubli d'ici-bas.' That would be Heaven; at least, it would have been to me. But since I have got better, everything has gone a long way off—like that island." And she pointed to the Grand Canary, lying like a cloud on the horizon. "I can bear to think about it and to look at it."

"I understand that feeling. I have known it."

"It does not burn me now. I thought it would always burn while I lived."

"That is the worst of pain, that one thinks it will never lessen. But it does."

"Yes, it lessens. And then one can attend to other things a little."

And Annette told Mrs. Stoddart the long story of her life. For at twenty-two we have all long, long histories to unfold of our past, if we can find a sympathetic listener. It is only in middle-age that we seem to have nothing of interest to communicate. Or is it only that we realise that, when once the talisman of youth has slipped out of our hand, our part is to listen.

Mrs. Stoddart certainly listened. She had been ready to do so for a long time. And Annette told her of her childhood spent in London under the charge of her three spinster aunts. Her mother, an Englishwoman, had been the only good-looking one of four sisters. In the thirties, after some disappointment, she had made a calamitous run-away marriage with a French courier.

"I always thought I could understand mother running away from that home," said Annette. "I would have run away, too, if I could. I did once as a small child, but I only got as far as Bethnal Green."

"Then your mother died when you were quite small?"

"Yes; I can just remember being with her in lodgings after she left father, for she had to leave him. But he got all her money from her first; at least, all she had it in her power to give up. I can remember how she used to sob at night when she thought I was asleep. And then my next remembrance is the aunts and the house in London. They meant to be kind. They were kind. I was their niece after all. But they were Nevils. It seems it is a very noble, mysterious thing to be a Nevil. Now, I was only half a Nevil and only half English, and dark like father. I take after father. And, of course, I am not quite a lady. They felt that."

"You look like one," said Mrs. Stoddart.

"Do I? I think that is only because I hold myself well and know how to put on my clothes."

"My dear Annette! As if those two facts could deceive me for a moment."

"But I am not one, all the same," said Annette. "Gentle-people, I don't mean only the aunts, but—others, don't regard me as their equal, or—treat me so." She was silent for a moment, and her lip quivered. Then she went on, quietly, "The minute I was twenty-one and independent, I came into a hundred a year, and I left the aunts. I made them a sort of little speech on my birthday. I can see them now, all three staring at me. And I thanked them for their kindness, especially Aunt Cathie, and told them my mind was quite made up to go and live with father, and become a professional singer. I had meant to do it since I was twelve."

"Did they mind much?"

"I did not think so at the time. But I see now they were so astonished that, for the moment, it overcame all other feelings. They were so amazed at my wish to make any movement, go anywhere, do anything. Aunt Harriet, the invalid, wrung her hands, and said that if only she had not been tied to a sofa my upbringing would have been so different, that I should not have wished to leave them. And Aunt Maria said that she, of all people, would be the last to interfere with a vocation, but she did not consider the stage was a suitable profession for a young girl. Aunt Cathie did not say anything. She only cried. I felt leaving Aunt Cathie. She had been kind. She had taken me to plays and concerts. She hated music, but she sat through long concerts for my sake. Aunt Maria never had time, and Aunt Harriet never was well enough to do anything she did not like. Aunt Cathie used to slave for them both, and when she had time—for me. I used to think that if the other two died, I could have lived with Aunt Cathie. But existing in that house was like just breathing under a kind of moral bindweed. When you were vexed with me the other day for tiring myself by tearing the convolvulus off from that little orange tree, it was because I could not bear to see it choked. I had been choked myself. But I broke away at last. And I found father. He had married again, a woman in his own rank of life, and was keeping a cabaret in the Rue du Bac. I lived with them for nearly six months till—last September. I liked the life at first. It was so new and so unaccustomed, and even the slipshodness of it was pleasant after the dry primness of my upbringing. And, after all, I am my father's daughter. I never could bear her, but he was kind to me, in a way, while I had money. He had been the same to mother. And, like mother, I did not find him out at first. I was easily taken in. And he thought it was a capital idea that I should become a singer. He was quite enthusiastic about it. I had a pretty voice. I don't know whether I have it still. But the difficulty was the training and the money for it. And he found a man, a well-known musician, who was willing to train me for nothing when he had heard me sing. And I was to pay him back later on. And father was very keen about it, and so was I, and so was the musician. He was rather a dreadful man somehow, but I did not mind that. He was a real artist. But after a little bit I found he expected me to pay him another way, and I had to give up going to him. I told father, and he laughed at me for a fool, and told me to go back to him. And when I wouldn't he became very angry, and asked me what I had expected, and said all English were hypocrites. I ought to have known from that that I could not trust father. And then, when I was very miserable about losing my training, an English gentleman began to be very kind to me."

Annette's voice faltered and stopped. Mrs. Stoddart's thin cheek flushed a little. Across the shadow of the orange trees a large yellow butterfly came floating. Annette's eyes followed it. It settled on a crimson hibiscus, hanging like a flame against the pale stem of a coral tree. The two ardent colours quivered together in the vivid sunshine. Annette's grave eyes watched the yellow wings close and expand, close and expand, and then rise and float away again.

"He seemed to fall in love with me," she said. "Of course, now I know he didn't really, but he seemed to. And he was a real gentleman, not like father, nor that other one, the man who offered to teach me. He seemed honourable. He looked upright and honest and refined. And he was young, not much older than myself, and very charming-looking. He was unlike any of the people in the Quartier Latin. I fell in love with him after a little bit. At first I hung back because I thought it was too good to be true, too like a fairy story. I had never been in love before. I fell in—very deep. And I was grateful to him for loving me, for he was much above me, the heir to something large and a title—I forget exactly what, when his old uncle died. I thought it was so kind of him not to mind the difference of rank. . . . I am sure you know what is coming. I suppose I ought to have known. But I didn't. I never thought of it. The day came when he asked me very gravely if I loved him, and I said I did, and he told me he loved me. I remember when I was in my room alone thinking that whatever life took from me it could never take that wonderful hour. I should have that as a possession always when I was old and white-headed. I am afraid now I shall have it always."

Annette passed her blue-veined hand over her eyes, in a manner that would have outraged the other residents, and then went on: "We sat a long time together that evening with his arm round me, and he talked and I listened, but I was not listening to him. I was listening to Love. I knew then that I had never lived before, never known anything before. I seemed to have waked up suddenly in Paradise and I was dazed. Perhaps he did not realise that. It was like walking in a long, long field of lilies under a new moon. I told him it was like that, and he said it was the same to him. Perhaps he thought he had said things to show me his meaning. Perhaps he thought father had told me. But I did not understand.

And then—a few hours later—I had to understand suddenly, without any warning. I thought he had gone mad, but it was I who went mad. And I locked myself into my room and crept out of the house at dawn, when all was quiet. I realised father had sold me. That was why I told you I had no home to go to. . . . And I walked and walked in the early morning in the river mist, not knowing what I was doing. At last, when I was worn out, I went and sat where there was a lot of wood stacked on a great wharf. No one saw me because of the mist. And I sat still and tried to think. But I could not think. It was as if I had fallen from the top of the house. Part of me was quite inert, like a stupid wounded animal, staring at the open wound. And the other part of me was angry with a cold anger that seemed to mount and mount; that jeered at everything, and told me I had made a fuss about nothing, and I might just as well go back and be his mistress, anybody's mistress; that there was nothing true or beautiful or pure or clean in the world. Everything was a seething mass of immorality and putrefaction, and he was only the same as all the rest. . . . and all the time I could hear the river speaking through the mist, hinting at something it would not quite say. At last, when the sun was up, the mist cleared, and women came and I had to go. And I wandered away again near the water. I clung to the river; it seemed to know something. And I went and stood on the Pont Neuf and made up my mind. . . . I would go down to Melun and drown myself there. . . . And then Mr. Le Geyt came past, whom I knew a little—a very little. . . . He asked me why I was looking at the water. And I said I was going to drown myself. And he saw I meant it, and made light of it, and advised me to go down to Fontainebleau with him to head for a week. And I did not care what I did. I went with him. I was glad in a way. I thought—he—would hear of it. I wanted to hurt him."

"You did not know what you were doing?"

"Oh, yes I did. I didn't misunderstand again. I was not so silly as that. It was only the accident of Dick's illness which prevented my going wrong with him."

Mrs. Stoddart started. "Then you never—," she said, diffidently, but with controlled agitation.

"No," said Annette, "but it's the same as if I had. I meant to."

There was a moment's silence. "No one," thought Mrs. Stoddart, "but Annette would have left me all these months believing the worst had happened, not because she was concealing the truth purposely, but because it did not strike her that I could regard her as innocent when she did not consider herself so."

"It is not the same as if you had," said Mrs. Stoddart, sternly. "If you mean to do a good and merciful action, and something prevents you, is it the same as if you had done it? Is anyone the better for it?"

"No."

"Well then, remember, Annette, that it is the same with evil actions. You were not actually guilty of it. Be thankful you were not."

"I am."

"When I saw you that first night at Fontainebleau, I thought you were on the verge of brain fever. I never slept for thinking of you."

"Well, you were right," said Annette, tranquilly. "I suppose that is what you nursed me through. But that night I had no idea I was ill."

"You were absolutely desperate."

"Was I? I was angry. I must never be angry like that again. Dick said that, and he was right. Do you know what I was thinking of when you came out to me with the milk? Once, long ago, when I was a child, I was sent to a country farm after an illness, and I saw one of the farm hands moving some faggots. And behind it on the ground was a nest with a hen, a common hen sitting on it, and a little baby chicken looking out from under her wing. She was just hatching them out. I was quite delighted. I had never seen anything so pretty before. And the stupid men frightened her, and she thought they were coming for her young ones. And first she spread out her wings over them, and then she became angry. A kind of dreadful rage took her. And first she trod down the eggs with her great feet, the eggs she had sat patiently on so long; and then she killed the little chickens with her strong beak. I can see her now, standing at bay in her broken nest with her bill streaming, making a horrible low sound. Don't laugh at me when I say that I felt just like that old hen. I was ready to rend everything to pieces, myself included, that night. When I was a child, I thought it so strange of the hen to behave like that. I laughed at her at the time, just as Dick laughed at me. But I understand her now—poor thing."

CHAPTER VII.

It was a few days later. Annette, leaning on Mrs. Stoddart's arm, had made a pilgrimage as far as the low garden wall to look at a little golden brown calf on the other side tethered to a twisted shrub of plumbago, the blue flowers of which spread themselves into a miniature canopy over him. Now she was lying back exhausted but triumphant in her long chair, with Mrs. Stoddart knitting beside her.

"I shall be walking up there to-morrow," she said, audaciously, pointing to the fantastic cactus-sprinkled volcanic hills rising steeply behind the house on the northern side.

Mrs. Stoddart vouchsafed no reply. Annette, more tired than she would allow, leaned back. Her eyes fell on the same

view, which might have been painted on a drop-scene, so fixed was it, so identical in colour and light day after day. But to-day it proved itself genuine by the fact that a large German steamer, not there yesterday, was moored in the bay, so placed that it seemed to be impaled on the spike of the tallest tower, and keeping up the illusion by making from time to time a rumbling and unseemly noise as if in pain.

"You must own now that I am well," said Annette.

"Very nearly. You shall come up to the tomato gardens to-morrow and see the Spanish women working in their white trousers."

"My head never aches now."

"That is a good thing."

"Has the time come when I may ask a few questions?"

Mrs. Stoddart hardly looked up from her knitting as she said tranquilly, "Yes, my child, if there is anything on your mind."

"I suppose Dick Le Geyt is—dead. I felt sure he was dying that last day at Fontainebleau. It won't be any shock to me to know that he is dead."

"He is not dead." A swift glance showed Mrs. Stoddart that Annette was greatly surprised.

"How is he?" she asked after a moment. "Did he really get well again? I thought it was not possible."

"It was not."

"Then he is not riding again yet?"

"No. I am afraid he will never ride again."

"Then his back was really injured after all?"

"Yes. It was spinal paralysis."

"He did enjoy life so," said Annette. "Poor Dick."

"I made enquiries about him again a short time ago. He is not unhappy. He knows nothing and nobody, and takes no notice. The brain was affected, and it is only a question of time, a few months, a few years. He does not suffer."

"For a long time I thought he and I had died together."

"You both all but died, Annette."

"Where is he now?"

"In his aunt's house in Paris. She came down before I left."

"I hope she seemed a kind woman."

"She seemed a silly one. She brought her own doctor and Mr. Le Geyt's valet with her. She evidently distrusted the Fontainebleau doctor and me. She paid him up and dismissed him at once, and she as good as dismissed me."

"Perhaps," said Annette, "she thought you and the doctor were in collusion with me. I suppose some lurid story with me in the middle of it reached her at once."

"No doubt. The valet had evidently told her that his master had not gone down to Fontainebleau alone. She arrived prepared for battle."

"And where was I all the time?"

"You were in the country a few miles out of Fontainebleau, at a house the doctor knew of. He helped me to move you there directly you became unconscious. Until you fell ill you would not leave Mr. Le Geyt. It was fortunate you were not there when his aunt arrived."

"I should not have cared."

"No. You were past caring about anything. You were not in your right mind. But surely, Annette," Mrs. Stoddart spoke very slowly, "you care now."

Annette evidently turned the question over in her mind, and then looked doubtfully at her friend. "I am grateful to you that I escaped the outside shame," she said. "But that seems such a little thing beside the inside shame; that I could have done as I did. I had been carefully brought up. I was what was called good. And it was easy to me. I had never felt any temptation to be otherwise, even in the irresponsible milieu at father's, where there was no morality to speak of. And yet—all in a minute—I could do as—as I did, throw everything away which only just before I had guarded with such passion. He was bad and father was bad. I see now that he had sold me. But since I have been lying here I have come to see that I was bad too. It was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. There was nothing to choose between the three of us. Poor Dick, with his unpremeditated escapade, was snow white compared to us, the one kindly person in the sordid drama of lust and revenge."

"Where do I come in?" asked Mrs. Stoddart.

"As an unwise angel, I think, who snatched a brand from the burning."

"You are the first person who has had the advantage of my acquaintance who has called me unwise," said Mrs. Stoddart, with the grim benevolent smile which Annette had learnt to love. "And now you have talked enough. The whole island is taking its siesta. It is time you took yours."

Mrs. Stoddart thought long over Annette and her future that night. She had made every effort, left no stone unturned at Fontainebleau to save the good name which the girl had so recklessly flung away. When Annette succumbed, Mrs. Stoddart, quick to see whom she could trust, confided to the doctor that Annette was not Mr. Le Geyt's wife, and appealed to him for help. He gravely replied that he already knew that fact, but did not mention how during the making of the will it had come to his knowledge. He helped her to remove Annette instantly to a private lodging kept by an old servant of his. There was no luggage to remove. When Mr. Le Geyt's aunt and her own doctor arrived late that night, together with Mr. Le Geyt's valet, Annette had vanished into thin air. Only Mrs. Stoddart was there, and the nurse to hand over the patient and to receive the cautious, suspicious thanks of Lady Jane Cranbrook, who continually

repeated that she could not understand the delay in sending for her. It was, of course, instantly known in the hotel that the pretty lady who had nursed Monsieur so devotedly was not his wife, and that she had fled at the approach of his family. Mrs. Stoddart herself left very early next morning, before Lady Jane was up, after paying Annette's hotel bill as well as her own. She had heard since, through the nurse, that Mr. Le Geyt, after asking plaintively for Annette once or twice, had relapsed into a state of semi-unconsciousness, in which he lay day after day, week after week. It seemed as if his mind had made one last effort, and then had finally given up a losing battle. The stars in their courses had fought for Annette, and Mrs. Stoddart had given them all the aid she could with systematic perseverance and forethought.

She had obliged Annette to write to a friend in Paris as soon as she was well enough, rather before she was well enough to hold a pen, telling her she had been taken ill suddenly at Fontainebleau, but was with a friend, and asking her to pack her clothes for her and send them to her at Melun. Later on, before embarking at Marseilles, she had made her write a line to her father saying she was travelling with her friend, Mrs. Stoddart, and should not be returning to Paris for the present. After a time she made her resume communications with her aunts, and inform them whom she was travelling with and where she was. The aunts wrote rather frigidly in return at first, but after a time became more cordial, expressed themselves pleased that she was enjoying herself, and opined that they had had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Stoddart's sister, Lady Brandon. They were evidently delighted that she had left her father, and even graciously vouchsafed fragments of information about themselves.

Aunt Maria had just brought out another book, "Crooks and Coronets," a copy of which found its way to Tenerife. Aunt Harriet, the invalid, had become a Christian Scientist. Aunt Catherine, the only practical one of the family, had developed a weak heart. And they had all decided to leave London, and were settling in a country farm in Lowshire where they had once spent a summer years before.

Mrs. Stoddart, with infinite care, had re-established all the links between Annette's past life and her present one. The hiatus, which, after all, had only occupied six days, was invisible. Her success had apparently been complete.

"Only apparently," she said to herself. "Something may happen which I cannot foresee. Mr. Le Geyt may get better, though they say he never will, or, at any rate, he may get well enough to give her away, which he would soon do if he was in full possession of his faculties. Or that French chambermaid who was so endlessly kind may take service in England and run up against Annette, or the valet whom she says did not see her at the station may have seen her after all and may prove a source of danger, or, most likely of all, Annette may tell against herself. She is quite capable of it."

Next day she said to Annette: "Remember your reputation is my property. You threw it away, and I picked it up off the dung-hill. It belongs to me absolutely. Now promise me on your oath that you will never say anything about this episode in your past to anyone, to any living creature except one—the man you marry."

"I would rather not promise that," said Annette. "I feel as if some time or other I might have to say something. One never can tell."

Mrs. Stoddart cast at Annette a lightning glance in which love and perplexity were about evenly mixed. This strange creature amused and angered her, and constantly aroused in her opposite feelings at the same moment. The careful Scotchwoman felt a certain kindly scorn for Annette's want of self-protective prudence, and her very slight realisation of the dangers Mrs. Stoddart had worked so hard to avert. But mixed in with the scorn was a pinch of respect for something unworldly in Annette, uncalculating of her own advantage. She was apparently one of that tiny band who are not engrossed by the duty of "looking after Number One."

Mrs. Stoddart, who was not easily nonplussed, decided to be wounded. "You are hard to help, Annette," she said. "I do what I can for you, and you often say how much it is, and yet you can tranquilly talk of all my work being thrown away by some chance word of yours, which you won't even promise not to say."

Annette was startled. "I had not meant that," she said, humbly. "I will promise anything you wish!"

"No, my dear, no," said Mrs. Stoddart, ashamed of her subterfuge and its instant success. "I was unreasonable. Promise me instead that, except to the man you are engaged to, you will never mention this subject to anyone without my permission."

"I promise," said Annette.

And Mrs. Stoddart, who never kissed anyone if she could help it, kissed her on the forehead.

(To be continued.)

MINK.

1905—1913.

If this be all, and no shore bounds
The unknown seas on which you sail—
No Paradise for little hounds—
If love and loyalty avail
No whit, and faith that shamed the men
Upon whose hearts you laid your spell
Whose house is desolate—why then
Sleep well—sleep well. W. T. C. COCHRANE.

WELSH HILL HUNTING.



AMONG THE CRAGS AND ROCKS.

"Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin' cool."—R. K.

ALTHOUGH I do not pretend to be an expert on the subject of hill hunting, the impressions of one who has hunted more or less throughout the United Kingdom may be of some interest in the matter of comparison, more especially as, having come lately straight from a flat Midland country to the hills, the contrasts

strike me particularly strongly. Of course, those who adopt the attitude of the gentleman who, when asked if he had ever been out with the Crawley and Horsham, replied: "No, sir! I've never hunted with any hounds in my life but the Quorn and the Pytchley, and I'll take d——d good care I never do!" will not enjoy hill hunting. Obviously, from purely a riding point of view, climbing hills, scrambling down dingles, fording streams, popping on and off banks, etc., is not as good fun as galloping over grass and jumping flying fences. But that it is less difficult is, I think, open to question. He must certainly be a bold rider and have a real good horse who can go in the first flight of any pack in the Midlands; but in spite of the big crowds and the fact that a large proportion of them "go a bit," besides the country he has certain advantages over his less fortunate brethren in the hills which he possibly does not realise.

While on the subject of "cold feet," it is interesting to note how this affects different people. I have come to the conclusion that the kind of fence people funk is the one they are least accustomed to. For example, take the stranger in a hill country. Though possibly better mounted, he seldom shows to advantage. Narrow-topped hicks, doubles and stone walls, probably with a drop of some six or eight



WELSH BANKS.

feet thrown in, utterly non-plus him; while riding round nasty corners, across "shale-slides," and descending places "like the side of a house, only steeper," cause his courage to ebb very low. On the other hand, when sportsmen from the hills get into a flying country, they also are rather out of it. The "look before you leap" style of riding, suitable to the hills, is too slow for the vale, and not because he funks the fences, but because he goes too slow at them, he gets "left."

To descend from the general to the particular, a thing that astonished me was to see the hill sportsmen get off and pull down a baulk of timber about four feet high across a gap, which seemed to me an easy "leap," and yet five minutes later they jumped a wall with a drop of about eight feet on the far side, which frightened me to death. Welsh banks are nerve-trying things to ride over on a blood horse if he's new to the game, as, being small, low and narrow-topped, with a woe-begone hedge surmounting them, a blood horse invariably tries to fly the lot, and equally invariably lands with his hind feet (or fore feet sometimes) in a boggy ditch on the far side, and falls. A big bank is not a difficult obstacle, and almost any horse will jump on and off, because he realises it is impossible to do anything else. But it is otherwise with the small banks.

The majority of people who hunt in the hills ride short-legged, cobby horses, and seem to believe that they are the most suitable to the country. I am inclined to think shortness of purse and not conviction is the real reason of their preference. It is, I feel certain, a mistake to think that only under-bred horses are capable of climbing and crawling in cramped countries. I am convinced a thorough-bred is the best "ride" everywhere.



A WELSH GATE!

I admit that fifty per cent. of blood horses are a "hot ride," but the reason for this is that so many of them have been raced in their youth and the majority are not very carefully broken—which, indeed, according to foreigners, is the fault of *all* British saddle-horses. That a thorough-bred can be a most comfortable ride even over the rocks of Dartmoor I have proved from personal experience, and if you are a moderately light weight they can not only out-gallop, but out-stay, the cock-tails, even in the hills.

The difference between the riders of the hills and of the Midlands is also marked. The hill hunter is a genuine fox-hunter. He goes out to hunt, not to ride (though, personally, I never can see the stigma attached to the latter). Moreover, that large portion of a Midland field who really go out because it is the thing to do (*i.e.*, fashion) does not exist in the hills.



A FORD DURING THE WET WEATHER.

I was discussing with another new-comer the features in Welsh hunting that struck us as different from what we had been used to, and the thing that struck him most was Welsh gates. The Welsh farmer is remarkably slack about gates. These necessities are primarily the landlord's business, and certainly many gates on the mountain farms are in a ruinous state of repair. But that this is entirely the landlord's fault I know to be not the case, having had some personal experience of Welsh tenant farmers. When you issue new gates, it is ten to one that, unless you personally see to the hanging of them, the farmer will leave his old gate in its place, and use the new one to block a gap in his hedge! Or he will put the new one in its correct place, and even put new posts in, but then tie the whole lot together with string or wire, leaving the old hinges on the old gate, which now goes to block a gap. Moreover, they nearly always hang a gate too low, so that the bottom touches the ground and it opens with difficulty. As a result, the bottom of the gate soon rots and is broken away. In the important matter of paying his rent I must admit the Welsh farmer is all right, but in the matter of keeping things in repair—



THE SHORTEST WAY?

he's "the limit"! In small matters, that is. A manger, for instance, will fall to pieces for want of a board nailing up. Or a stone gets displaced in the stable, and then another: instead of replacing them, the farmer waits until the whole floor is equally bad, and then demands a new floor to his stable. It is extremely trying, when out hunting, to get to a gate and find it fastened up with wire, kept in place with a couple of big boulders, and across its entire length a baulk of timber! By the time all these have been removed, hounds are out of sight.

Hill countries have always been famous for the number and enthusiasm of hunting farmers. Herefordshire, Glamorgan, Monmouth, etc., and, indeed, all South Wales, are full of fox-hunting farmers. But as you get into North Wales this enthusiasm dies out. The Northern Welsh farmer is not a fox-hunter as a rule, nor does he care for horses, and it is comparatively rare to see a Welsh farmer riding, even on the road. Yet they are most successful breeders of cart-horses, and to some extent of hackneys. But there their interest and knowledge end. It is admitted that the Welsh farmer is poor, that labourers' wages are high, and that consequently he has to do most of the



NOT MR. JORROCKS AND THE BULL, BUT A DISPUTE OVER A RIGHT OF WAY OVER A MOUNTAIN PATH.

manual work himself. Moreover, he wrestles with a wild and barren country and a wet climate. Still, the fact remains that, though practically the same conditions prevail as in South Wales, the difference is marked. It must be something in the temperament of the people, for it prevails in the labouring class also. You seldom see a labourer take any interest in the



IS THE DESCENT SO EASY?

passing hunt, even if he be having a day off. There are few enthusiastic foot people who follow—unlike South Wales, where, during the late coal strike, so many miners came out fox-hunting as seriously to interfere with sport, though quite unintentionally on their part. That the much-preached class war is mostly the froth of verbose politicians was proved then by the friendly terms on which the miners joined in the chase, though many of the mounted sportsmen were mine officials and coal-owners with whom they were nominally at war.

Not that I wish to infer that the North Wales farmer is hostile; he is merely apathetic. But it is curious, nevertheless, since in olden times the Welshmen were a horsey nation. It was the raids of the wild Welsh which caused the famous



A DROP OVER A BOUNDARY WALL.

time to scale or get round, and the tox goes away at the top. In such a case probably the Master or a whip will blow hounds to himself, lay them on, and go with them until the huntsman catches them up again.

In conclusion, though I have discussed hill hunting by comparison only, I have left out its most important feature—beauty. Even the most phlegmatic mind must be struck by the lovely hill scenery. Rushing torrents, wild woodlands, heather and bog, rocks and mountains alternate with small pastures and plough lands, white farm buildings and cottages, deep dingles and tiny streams. It is a bleak and lonely country, and the modern fox-hunter's horror, "a man in every field," is unknown. In spring and autumn the wooded valleys are a dream of fairy-land, and from an artistic point of view one sees pictures beyond the hand of any man to paint, as hounds and huntsman draw the wild hillsides and wooded dells. ANISEED.



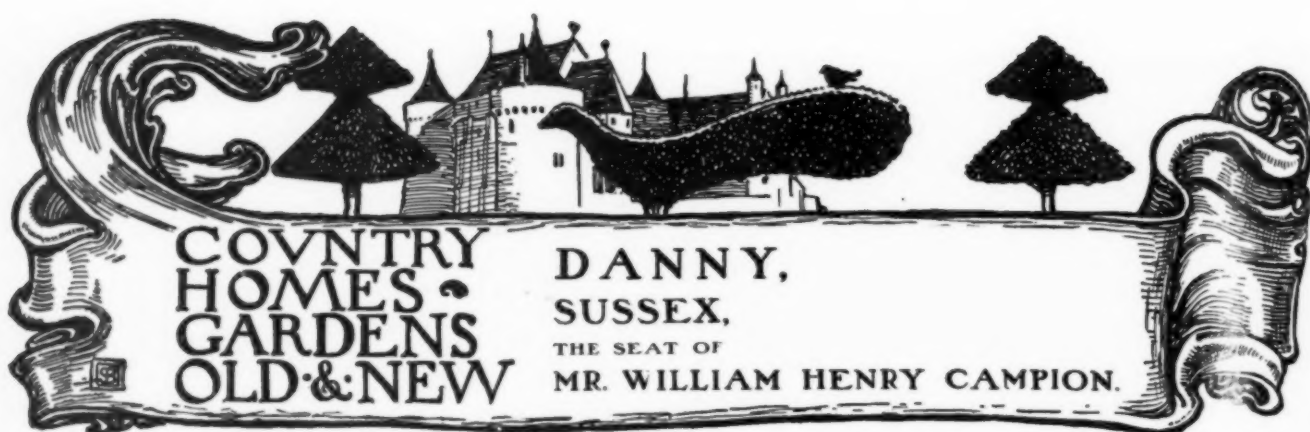
SURMOUNTING "A DOUBLE"; A BANK WITH TWO DITCHES.

Rows of Chester to be built for the protection of surprised citizens from sudden rushes through the streets of wild hordes of galloping Welsh from the hills of Denbigh and Montgomeryshire. It is extraordinary how easy it is to lose sight of hounds in the hills, and I was much amused at a



SKILL IN TIMBER-TOPPING IS OFTEN ESSENTIAL.

sportsman the other day who remarked, when we had caught hounds again, "Well, there's one thing about hill-hunting, when you lose hounds for twenty minutes and gallop in the direction you think they have gone, it's d—d satisfactory to see them again!" A peculiarity of the hill-hunters is the number of officials who carry horns. This system works well, as not infrequently the huntsman is at the bottom of a dingle, which it takes a long



SUSSEX is peculiarly rich in simple domestic architecture, the pleasant dwelling-houses of the Sussex squires and delightful old cottages. The county is not sprinkled with palaces, but is set with fine houses, each with its distinctive features and a definitely local character. Some of the charm is due to the warm-toned bricks which the builders loved to use, some to the fact that, notwithstanding its comparative proximity to London and the Continent, Sussex was until a recent period one of the most secluded districts in England, in which locomotion was of a very difficult description.

The sea and South Downs on the south, the Surrey Downs on the north, Ashdown Forest on the east and the Weald on the west hemmed in and isolated whole districts. There is a letter of the future Lord Chancellor Campbell, written in 1690, after attending assizes at Horsham, in which he describes the Sussex ways as "bad and ruinous beyond imagination. I vow 'tis a melancholy consideration that mankind inhale such a heap of dirt for a poor livelihood. The county is a sink of about 14 miles broad which receives all the water that falls from two long ranges of hills on both sides of it." Realising these barriers, it is easy to understand that the people who built houses were the owners of the soil, and impressed local individuality in their buildings.

Such were the Elizabethan houses. Parham, Wiston (the old seat of the Gorings), Glynde, Wakehurst and Danny. But the successful merchant, the "new man" of the eighteenth century who wished to build himself a country seat, was not tempted by Sussex, and the work of the fashionable architects of that day is but little represented. To this local individuality is due some of the charm of Danny, a house with exceptionally tall bays which lies in its park at the foot of Wolstonbury Hill. At first sight it strikes one as a fine late Elizabethan façade of usual pattern, but there are interesting touches about the ornament, showing the house was built by local men not working in the latest fashion. A further peculiarity is marked by the fact that, when Henry and Barbara Campion altered George Goring's house, they put an eighteenth century screen in the hall, a very singular addition at that date.

Danny is in the parish and manor of Hurst designated Pierpoint (to distinguish it from other Sussex Hursts), after the family of that name, who enjoyed possession of the manor in unbroken male descent from the Conquest until it passed out of the family by a female heir—a period of about three centuries. These Pierpoints and the subsequent families through whom Danny has descended are of more than passing interest, but can only be briefly detailed here. In Domesday it is written: "Robert holds



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THE GREAT BAY AND PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



COUNTRY LIFE

THE SOUTH FRONT.

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Hurst of William"—the said William being the great de Warren, Earl of Surrey, and Robert by other evidence would appear to be de Pierpoint. In the reign of Edward III., the Sussex branch of this family ended in Sibilla, married to Sir Edmund de Ufford, Knight, and a succession of heiresses carried Hurst through the Bowett, Dacre and Fiennes families, till in 1582 Gregory Fiennes, Lord Dacre, and the Lady Anne, his wife, conveyed to George Goring of Lewes the manor of Hurst-Pierpoint, and the park and grounds called Danny Park and Hurst Park and all their other estates in fifteen places, for the sum of £10,000. This transaction is noticed in the parish register: "1582, W. Goring Esq. did take possession of the manor of Hurstpierpoint."

The park of Danny was enclosed by the last Sir Simon de Pierpoint by a licence granted by Edward III. in 1355. The description of the Dacres' house that stood in Danny Park occurs in a survey of the manor made in the twelfth year of Elizabeth's reign, and is not without interest:

A fair mansion house of timber, where the keeper lieth, who hath the custody thereof, the same being moated, two parts with water, the other part dry. The house and scite within the moat, 180 feet long, and 80 feet broad. The entry of the house on the east, at a porch containing 12 feet long, and 8 feet broad, of 4 stories; the hither story used for a lodging, newly built, and so entering, the hall lyeth on the south, 43 feet long and 24 feet broad, having no other story; at the highest end is a fair parlour, 28 feet long and 20 feet broad of two stories, the lower story has two fair bay windows, with transoms, embowed with timber-work, containing 21 lights, 7 below each transom, each window containing 10, and 9 feet long, adjoining to which are certain other edifices, used for lodgings, of two stories, having a kitchen with scullery and larder, and an outhouse of two stories, all covered with tiles in good repair, and on the south side, half a furlong from the house, is a spring of water, always continuing but slow, but with little charge may be carried to the house. The park is paled; there have been impaled of the lords demesnes within 5 years, 100 acres, called Broomfields, Danny lands, and Bablands, wherein burrows for conies are now made. The parks are 2½ miles in circumference, well covered with oak timber. The herbage by the year . . . besides feeding 300 head of



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STRANGE GROWTH OF A CAROLINA POPLAR.

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THE WORK OF 1728.

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SOME OF THE ORIGINAL TUDOR WINDOWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

deer. The pannage is worth in a mast year, £6 13s. 4d. In the park are 40 deer of antlers, 260 rascals and 40 couple of conies.

This house was razed to the ground when the present larger and more important brick mansion was built by George Goring to the east of the old house in 1593. It may have been the moat which prevented the convenient enlargement of what reads as indeed a "fair mansion house" when the times demanded a moat no longer. The builder of the new house was the son of Sir William Goring, Knight, of Burton, who married Anne, daughter of Henry Denny of Waltham, Essex, and had a son George. This second George Goring became a courtier and one of Elizabeth's gentlemen pensioners, and afterwards was placed by James I. in the household of Henry Prince of Wales, of whom he became a familiar companion and by whose favour he was knighted in 1608. Buckingham prevailed on Charles I. to raise him to the peerage as Lord Goring of Hurstpierpoint in 1629, and later he was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Norwich, which had then lately become extinct by the death of his maternal uncle, Edward

Denny, the first and last of his name to bear the title. The house bears the impress of this owner in the waggon-vaulted ceiling in the chapel-room, but none of his son, Colonel George Goring, whose eccentric genius and eventful life, with its strange exploits, had no influence on Danny, except that so far as his extravagance obliged his father to mortgage his estate and at length to sell it. Consequently, in 1652 Danny passed into fresh hands and became the property of Peter Courthope, along with the manors of Hurstpierpoint and Horn-deane.

The Courthope family had been long settled upon the confines of Kent and Sussex in numerous branches. This Peter Courthope was fifth in descent from a Peter Courthope who was living in 1452. He died in 1657 and was buried at Hurstpierpoint. He was succeeded by his grandson, another Peter, who lived till the age of eighty-six and died in 1724. This Peter was the friend and correspondent of the botanist, John Ray, from whom there are many letters at Danny; and during his lifetime Thomas Marchant (one of the Sussex diarists), a small yeoman farmer related to many good



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IN THE CHAPEL ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sussex families, whose diary of the early eighteenth century gives striking evidence of the absence of strict social distinctions and of friendly intercourse between all classes, records having "staid late and drunk too much" at Danny. Peter Courthope's sons died in his lifetime, and Danny thus became the possession of his daughter Barbara, who married Henry, the son of his old friend and college "chamber-fellow" at Cambridge, William Campion. This couple, on succeeding, rebuilt the

to-day. When the Civil War broke out, Campion attached himself heartily to the King's cause. In 1645 we find him a colonel in the Royal Army in command of the fortified old mansion, Boarstall House in Buckinghamshire. This he defended with great resolution against the Parliamentary forces, nor would he surrender till all further defence was hopeless, till Oxford capitulated and the fortunes of Charles were desperate. In the course of the siege a long and interesting correspondence



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THE FIREPLACE IN THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

garden front in the classic manner in 1728 and decorated the interior of the house.

Essex is the county to which the Campions can be first traced. From Campion's Hall near Epping they branched out to Combwell in Kent, on the borders of Sussex, and of that place was the distinguished Royalist, Sir William Campion, whose correspondence, suit of armour and Royal pictures, and fine portrait by Jansen are treasured possessions of Danny

took place between him and Fairfax and other officers of the Parliamentary Army. Fairfax's account of Campion—all there is space to quote—is contained in a letter to the Speaker, in which he intercedes in favour of the light terms of composition he had offered for the surrender of Boarstall. "The country (he writes) gives the governor, Sir William Campion, the report of a very faire enemye, and that he had often protected them from plunder and violence." From the Pass signed by

Lenthall, it is probable Campion quitted England and returned later to serve with the gentlemen of Kent at the siege of Colchester, under George Goring, Earl of Norwich, who was then the possessor of Danny. Campion "was slain in the year of our Lord 1648, of his age 34. Upon a Sally out of this town," as the inscription in St. Peter's Church at Colchester records, adding, "He was pious, valiant, constant to his Prince, whose cause he chose, and in whose service he died."

It was Sir William's grandson, Henry Campion of Combwell, who married Barbara Courthope of Danny, and from them it has descended to the present owner, Mr. William Henry Campion.

Danny is built entirely of brick, save for window mullions and door pilasters, which are of stone. The later stonework and renewals are of Portland stone, the earlier is of local sandstone, which has weathered badly, the medallion heads in the front gables being almost worn away. The most striking features of the front are the two high bay windows that light the hall. Plate-glass has unfortunately supplanted the old

sidelight upon the materials used and the price of labour. We learn that on June 29th, 1728, there was payment for framing the hall roof, but not till August 2nd was the foundation of the new work laid. A few extracts run:

Aug. 2nd, for men to drink upon the foundation being layed 001.01.00.
Nov. for covering windows, framing the floor for ye Skreen

for felling elm, framing ye smoking room and dressing room floor.
March 28, 1728-29, wainscote board for all sash windows and frames in ye new front,

for 20 pound of large wire for sashes.

1729.

April. for bringing ye sashes from Greenwich, 0008. 03. 00.

Nov. for painting sashes.

Dec. for a model of ye staircase and other articles.

1730.

June 6. For turning 96 ballisters at 2 6 per dozen

for 122½ foot of firestone wch. will be in part for Portland stone sold him

for ye foundation of the south aspect wall and green-house.



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THE 18TH CENTURY HALL SCREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

lattice panes, and this gives an impression of excessive glazing. The fine façade was evidently meant to be symmetrical in the main, but the bays on each end of the wings are different, and the parapet and gables above the hall are raised by a step to allow greater height. Save for the medallion heads and the stone kneelers to the gable copings, the sole ornamentation is the treatment of the doorway and window above it with columns and strapwork pilasters. The side windows to the porch are later additions when the outer door was inserted. On the garden front the junction of the old brickwork with the redder material of the Campion addition is visible at the first pilaster. At the western end there is a modern addition. The garden façade is dated on the rain-water pipes 1728, with the initials H. B. for Henry and Barbara Campion. Here again the old thick sash barring has been removed, which detracts from this otherwise bold and simple composition. The building accounts still preserved at Danny not only satisfactorily date the work, but throw an interesting

September pd. Mr. Hashgrove . . . for a foot of paving along ye new front, viz. 93 foot 1.1.0 beside some figures in stone he is to have
For painting the cornish of the Hall, 40th, for ye windows, 10th,
for ye stucco 1.8.0, for ye sham windows 2.2.0.
For sawing walnut tree for the stairs 0.19.3.

1730.

60 Ton of Portland stone 31.12.06.

14 27.7 of paving wth black dots at 13-18 pence pr. foot for dots and workmanship, for days works, sawing etc. 161.11.08.

For 2 tables and 5 chimney pieces 47.0.0.

Chimney back for the Hall 0002.02.00.

Among the painting entries is one for the sham windows that were in use long before the window tax caused so many real windows to be blocked up. In this case the shams fill the mullions of the Elizabethan windows which were covered up inside when the interior was remodelled at the time of the accounts. This blocking up was a frequent occurrence after the Jacobean time, but in many cases they are simply filled in with building material, and no deceptive painting appears on

the exterior. As we may judge by these accounts, the Court-hopes left but little of the interior of the Goring house. An oak newel staircase winds up under a plaster ceiling with the date 1595, decorated with a medallion of Augustus, and lions and eagles in roundels; and adjacent to the stair-head is the waggon-vaulted ceiling of the chapel-room bearing the initials ^{G.}G.M. for the second George Goring, who married Mary Neville, daughter of Lord Abergavenny. This ceiling has the plain moulded ribs radiating from strongly-marked bosses, with smaller bosses with cover leaves at the rib intersection, very often met with at this period.



PETER COURTHOPE, BY CORNELIUS JANSEN.

Of the Campion additions, the most interesting is the conversion of the hall, which was changed beyond recognition. The accounts tell us that a new roof (ceiling) was framed, and the floor framed for the screen. The Elizabethan hall must have had a screen, but it was probably further to the north, and in putting in a new screen of deal the passage was widened. The old paving of the hall with "black dots," or quarries, has been replaced lately by boards. The chimney-piece is, no doubt, one of the five that figure in the accounts. It is of interest to remember that when the neighbouring hall of Wiston was renovated some ten years later (1738) by Sir Charles Goring, his alterations were less drastic. He left the hall roof untouched, and was content to cover the walls with plaster-work of a rococo character.

The old park and grounds at Danny are a pleasant and suitable setting for the house. Among the fine trees is a notable Carolina poplar (*P. angulata titon*) that has sprung up from roaming roots and fallen branches till a thicket of young stems surrounds the old dying trunk. There are effective additions to the gardens by the present owners, who inherit the spirit of this charming Sussex land of which Danny is so fitly a part.

A. D.

GERMAN BULLFINCHES.

BY BARONESS VON ROTBERG.

THE celebrated German naturalist Brehm, who has devoted almost one-third of his voluminous work on natural history to ornithology, speaks very highly of the bullfinch. A flight of these birds, he says, is one of the loveliest sights, especially in winter, when their beautiful plumage is thrown into evidence by the pure white of the snowy landscape. We will leave to the zoologist all that concerns the natural history of our feathered friends, whose chief value lies in their adaptability as chamber birds, not only on account of their beauty and easily acquired tameness, but also because they will

learn to whistle any melody if proper pains be taken to teach them. The Germans are a music-loving nation; they pride themselves on their Harz song canaries, and will pay a high price for a well-trained song bullfinch. As the latter do not breed in captivity, their nests, although hidden where the thickets of the woods are densest, are preyed upon by human as well as animal marauders, and one may say for a certainty that only about two-thirds of the inmates grow up in Nature's freedom. The young birds must at least have attained the age of twelve days; blind fledgelings that cannot lift their heads cannot well be brought up by hand. Sharp eyes and quick feet are necessary to secure a prize. The bullfinch never flies straight to his nest, but lures his enemies by deviating ways to wrong places. The best time for taking the youngsters is when the feathers are just beginning to sprout. We are not able to provide the same fare that the bullfinch finds in freedom. The best equivalent is summer rape seed steeped in water and crushed, mixed with hard-boiled, chopped-up eggs. After three weeks' time the little bills will have hardened enough to permit of their shelling dry seed. As soon as possible the trainer parts cocks and hens, giving the latter their freedom. This is rather a difficult matter, as the plumage often is similar. A sure test is said to be the following: The last and smallest wing-feather of the males is half black, while the rest are half white or bluish. Should the colour of this feather be partly reddish, it is supposed that the bird is a female.

Each cock is placed in a small cage by himself. The schooling begins about a month after the capture by taming the scholar and accustoming him to the human voice. He will soon learn to



SIR WILLIAM CAMPION, BY CORNELIUS JANSEN.
CIRC. 1620.

know his master if he feeds and cares for him himself. The best time for a lesson is in the evening, when the bird with full crop is just going to roost. Ten or fifteen times a day, dealers whistle the melody their pupil is to retain, carefully gauging the tone with a tuning-fork. The master must have a true ear and exercise great care, for every fault he makes his pupil will copy exactly. Few have the gift and the patience to train birds perfectly. Sometimes the birds will vary the tone; then the master must carefully correct and bring them back to the true note. F, G and A sharp seem to be the keys the birds prefer. More than six stanzas are seldom learnt by a bullfinch, though I have known some who have sung two separate melodies faultlessly. At dusk, when the pupils are extemporising, trying this or that note out of their tune, the master stands just in front of the cage, which ought to be at the same height as his eyes, calls to the bird or taps against the wires to attract his attention before whistling the melody; silence must reign in the room. The whole of the tune ought to be whistled, and if two tunes are to be taught, then both consecutively. It is a curious fact that the bullfinch invariably learns two or three notes

at a time; not until quite at the end of his apprenticeship will he piece these together and suddenly rejoice his master's heart by warbling forth the whole melody. Breeders say that a start the young bird gives when the first notes of a melody reach his ear is a good sign. These birds are said to listen most attentively. In spite of all efforts, however, not more than one-third of the pupils prove satisfactory. This accounts for the very high prices that are paid for good songsters. From two to five pounds may be paid for one bird, some of the finest songsters not being for sale at all. From the beginning of May to the end of December is the necessary term of education; breeders prefer to keep their birds for a year, however, to make quite sure of their song, and to be able to guarantee the same. Some rare birds learn to sing at the word of command; they will sit on their master's finger warbling their melody at any time of the day or even night, which, of course, enhances their value greatly.

Bullfinches will live in captivity for from eight to ten years properly cared for. Towards the end of this time they sing less frequently. When moulting they sometimes become quite silent, but pick up their melody as soon as health returns to them. When on a journey or in strange surroundings, a bird frequently keeps silence. Their staple food ought to be a mixture of summer rape seed, canary seed, millet, peeled oats and a little hemp, varied by egg-biscuits, as used by canary-breeders. Our little friends devour greens eagerly; groundsel, salad and plantain should always be provided. A little fresh fruit may be given; the greatest delicacy is the mountain-ash berry, their natural food.

But the latter may give rise to domestic misunderstandings, as the birds throw the skins of the berries about recklessly against walls and ceilings! Fresh water and a bath, wherein the bullfinches may splash about freely, are necessities. On purchasing a songster, care must be taken to accustom him to his new dwelling; bullfinches have been known to die of thirst owing to their not having been able to find the water provided in their new surroundings. A square wire cage is the best home for them. The birds are very intelligent and notice all that occurs in the room; they listen to the noises in the street and will start when a stranger comes in. Consequently they are easily frightened, and will flutter about and damage their wings if we are not careful of their feelings. When this is the case, the bird will cease singing until the wing is healed. The tamer they become the less they incline to fright, and a word from their master suffices to quiet them. If possible, the owner should place his bird close to his writing-table and engage in conversation with him, when a mutual friendship will soon spring up between them.

Bullfinches have not been known to breed in captivity, though I have been told of a hen canary hatching four of their eggs and bringing up the young birds. The capture of adult birds on account of their beautiful plumage is being energetically fought against by the Bird Protection Societies, which are gaining ground everywhere in Germany and helping to preserve the birds that give us so much pleasure, enhance the beauty of Nature, and are the greatest safeguard against the insect plagues that threaten to destroy our harvests.

IN THE GARDEN.

A BRITISH WINTER GARDEN.

ONE of the worst seasons for the winter garden we have passed through for some time is that of the past autumn. It seemed as though the winds of the Bay of Biscay had blown across our island. Roses and

Clematises, usually the longest to stay, held out for a less time than usual, so that the poor flower garden was a sad sight. There could not have been a better test of the true winter garden; and what curious attempts at taking the part of the true winter garden we have witnessed in



THE PORTUGUESE HEATH (*Erica lusitanica*) IN WINTER.

our time! In front of Buckingham Palace one may have seen of late years a lot of sooty little conifers planted to take the place of the red Geraniums—a ghastlier and a poorer attempt at a winter garden there could hardly be. All that moving of little Pines to take the place of the flower garden, whether in town or in country, is a costly failure. Among others, we have seen the attempts of architects to replace the garden with coloured gravel, pounded bricks, etc., as was the case with Sir Charles Barry at Shrubland, and Nesfield at Kensington, Crewe Hall and other places. The pounded brick looks as well in winter as in summer, but all gardens made in that way are bound to go the way of follies. Perhaps the worst example of this I ever saw was round a fine old moated house in Norfolk, where, in attempting to get rid of the gardeners' effects, they actually cemented the walks and painted them in various colours.

At the very time of these fierce November gales, the Portuguese Heath bloomed with me six feet high, and was beautiful in verdure and in flower. Several other kinds bloomed, but this was the queen of them all. It is rather like the Tree Heaths of the woods

Associates of the Heath.—In our country, where so many ever-greens are happy, we can associate some of them with the Heaths. In my own case I use the Bay and the Laurustinus, the double and dwarf Furze, Junipers and Brooms, and these come in very well; also the Partridge Berry, the Japanese Box and the Skimmias, some of which are at their best in the winter season when the ordinary flower garden is dull, and help very much to give a good effect in association with the Heaths.

Area for the Heath Garden.—Much of our country and of Ireland is, happily, fairly temperate, so that a vast region will grow these bushes well, and what will grow in the cold upland Sussex districts will certainly grow in many others. In the Midland or the Northern districts we should perhaps have to depend on the hardy dwarfed Heaths of our moors, and nothing would limit the growth of these, perhaps, except the presence of lime. Apart from the Southern region, there is the great coast region, and anybody who has seen what Lord Annesley has done in the North of Ireland will hardly doubt that there is no limit to those regions where Heaths will grow. Any kind of valleys near the sea would be just the place to make



THE HEATH GARDEN AT GRAVETYE.

of North Africa, but with a rosy cheek to each little bloom. Other kinds of Tree Heaths were there, but not so well in flower. Over a large part of Southern Britain these Tree Heaths thrive well; but how far they can be planted in the North is doubtful. In cold Midland and upland places we should depend on the hardy Heaths, such as the Cornish and a number of others. In the best Heath garden in England, that at Darlev Dale Nurseries at Matlock, they can only grow the hardy kinds.

The Tree Heaths.—The other tree-like Heaths that may well go with this winter charmer are the Tree Heath of the North African mountain woodland and in many places round the great sea (*Erica arborea*), the Southern Heath (*E. australis*), one of the loveliest of flowering bushes of May; Veitch's Heath, a hybrid; two Heaths of Western France (*E. stricta* and *E. scoparia*); and the Mediterranean Heath. Our own Cornish Heath may nearly equal these in stature, but, being so hardy, goes best with the quite hardy kinds that may be grown anywhere in our islands save on the chalky hills. On the other hand, most of the tall Heaths are happier in the South and coast districts.

them happy. Probably the charming Connemara Heath would not be hardy in the Derbyshire hills, where these Heaths are so happy.

Soils.—Most of the Heaths in our country being natives of moors, the first idea was that they wanted peat; but that is by no means essential to them, and our experience proves that they do almost better in brown soil if free from lime. In the poor soils we may grow the commoner kinds even in dry summers. Grouping is essential to cover the ground, and the plants spread about in such a tufted way that they help to keep the ground clean; after planting, the ground might be kept clean about them until they cover it themselves and keep down the weeds. Briars and a few native things would want to be cut out in certain soils, and that is best done in summer.

Shade.—In countries like North Africa one sees almost seas of lovely Tree Heaths under the Pines and the Oaks, but shade in that blazing country would be welcome, whereas in other countries it would be excessive. But even in our country there is a great variety in the strength of the sun, and, therefore, in some places one might find the shade of Pines a gain. My own Heaths are mostly

grown in the open, but in many country places where the pine trees have been scattered about, it is a very good plan to fill in the spaces with a mass of Heaths. The more South we are the more shade they can bear.

Colour.—Much trouble is taken with schemes of colour in flower gardens, mostly led on to by bedding out and carpet gardening; but in the Heath garden we have no such trouble. The plants arrange themselves and are lovely in colour all the year round. Several kinds flower in January, and beside them we have masses of beautiful (in the Cornish Heath) browns and greens, and other native Heaths. This is a great thing in their favour, as so many garish colours are seen in gardens. It will be understood that

the Heath garden in no case takes the place of the flower garden, which is a precious possession and should be kept as near to the house as possible for summer and autumn flowers of the kinds that want care. The Heath garden is essentially for rough up-and-down bits of ground that happen to be near a country house.

The Heaths will grow almost anywhere, but the rough spots are most fitting; and there are so many places with exactly the right places to grow them in almost every country place. Smaller gardens may perhaps be content with a bed of the Connemara, the Alpine Forest Heath and a few favourite kinds.

WM. ROBINSON.

THE TONGSWOOD SHORTHORNS.

MR. C. E. GUNTHER is a comparatively new-comer into the short-horn world, but he has already been accorded a very big place in it, and, if all goes well, this will be still higher in the future. The location of his home farm is a very interesting one, as well as being suitable for his purpose. The district is one of those favoured by the Flemish cloth-workers who were encouraged to come to this country by King Edward III., perhaps at the instigation of his Queen, Philippa of Hainault. The name Fleming to this day persists in some of the Northern towns where they settled; but in Kent their most enduring monument is to be found in the celebrated cloth halls which were erected by these merchants when prosperity had crowned their efforts. From time to time examples have been illustrated in our pages and have evoked much admiration. They were well and solidly built with oak timber that has almost defied the corroding influence of time. In some of them there is still to be seen the hook from which the merchants' cloths hung. In those days merchant princes did not disdain to carry on business in their own houses. Tongs was one of those seats, and was inhabited for a long time by a family named Dunk. We read in an eighteenth century history of the county of Kent that a clothmaker named Simon Donke died possessed of it in 1512—that is, in the fourth year of the reign of Henry VIII. His descendant, Thomas Duncke, died in 1617. From him the seat was continued down to Sir Thomas Dunk, who by his will gave it to William Richards, who died in 1733, leaving an only daughter, who married George Montague Dunk, Earl of Halifax. He sold it to Mr. Jeremiah Curteis of Rye, who in his turn parted with it to William Jenkin, who died there in 1784. Since then it has been in several hands.



THE COWSHEDS.

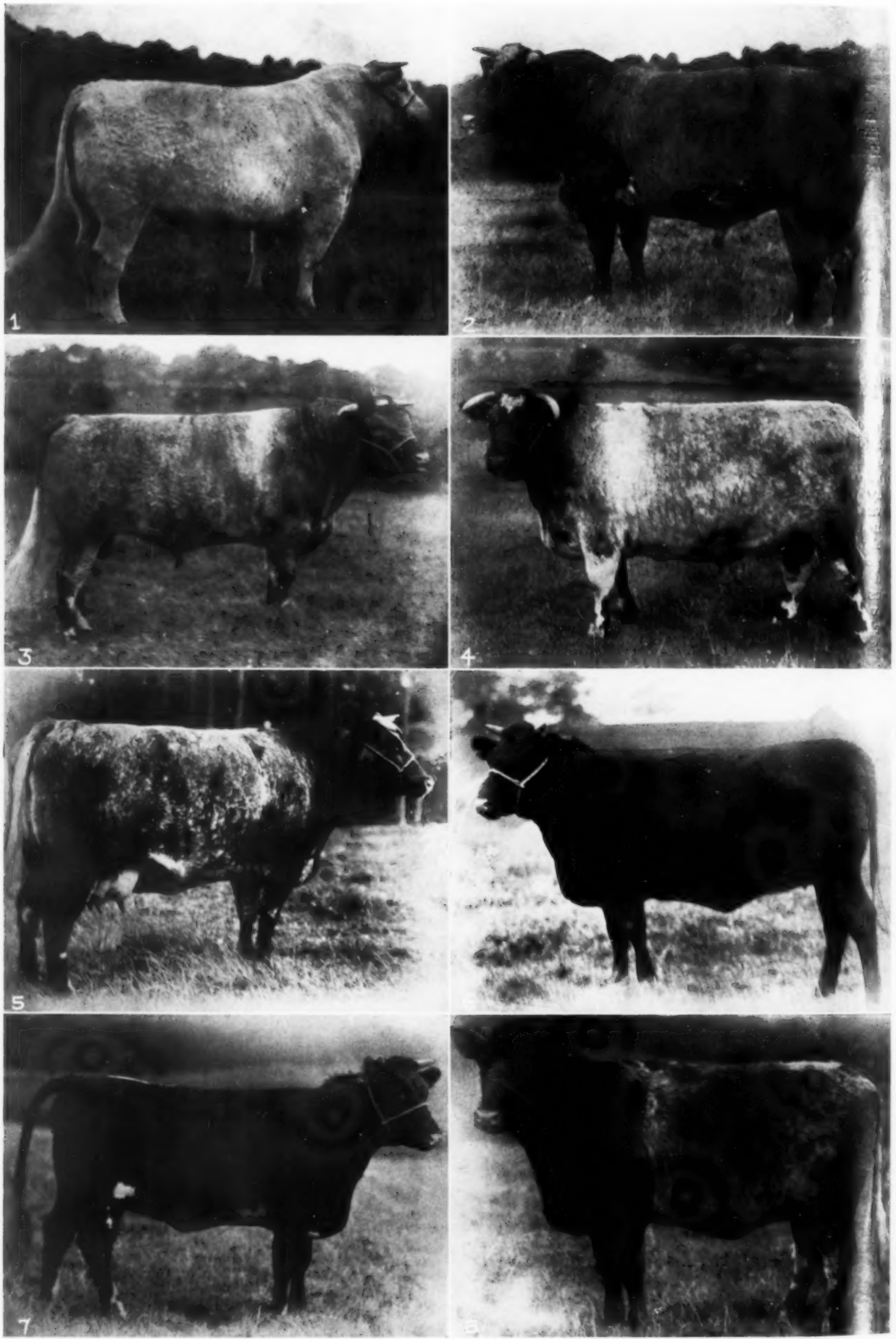
Mr. Frank Wilson lived at Tongs in 1830, Mr. Sackville Phelps in 1848, Major George R. Stevenson in 1850, Mr. William Cotterill bought it in 1866 and the Misses Goldsmith in 1895. Mr. Gunther is the latest possessor of this historic manor, and it must be a cause of pride to him that his beautiful grounds and well-planned farmery are situated in a district with such interesting associations, architectural as well as commercial. However, it has been made a very fine place, and not the least of its attractions is the noble herd of shorthorns which was founded in 1905, and since then has gone steadily ahead. The animals chosen as foundation stock were selected with

skill and judgment. Among the families represented are the Marr-Missies and Bessies, the Broadhooks, Rose of France and other strains equally well known. The animals all came from herds of the highest standing, such as those of the late Mr. J. Nayler of Welshpool, Sir Walpole Greenwell, Lord Brougham and Vaux, Mr. Richard Stratton, Mr. Rowland Wood, the late Mr. E. Harwood and the Duke of Northumberland. Since then judicious purchases have been made of animals of Scotch blood, and the result is a herd of unlimited potentialities. The home farm is highly suited to preserve and further develop the quality of the animals. The whole estate extends to a little over a thousand acres, and of these the home farm takes up six hundred acres. The soil is heavy clay, and it is not farmed exclusively for the pedigree herd and sheep, but on the usual system of rotation.

A glance at the pictures will do more than anything else to elucidate the high character of this breed. Bold Broadhooks is a massive white bull bred by Mr. E. Coey and calved



THE FARM ENTRANCE.

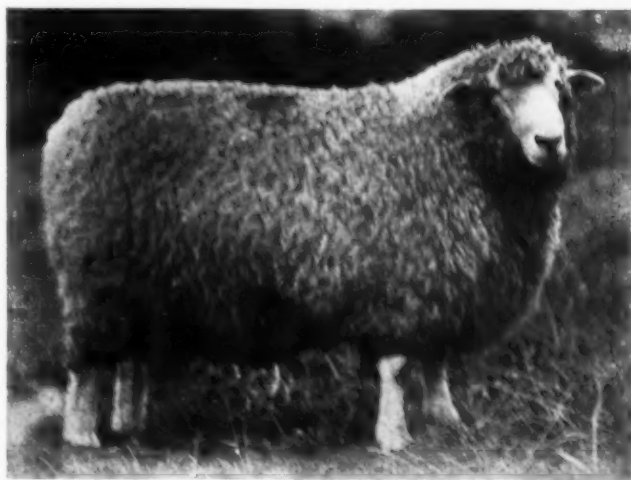


1. BOLD BROADHOOKS. 2. TONGSWOOD WRESTLER. 3. WINDMILL MARQUIS. 4. TONGSWOOD EDITH. 5. SPICY BEAUTY.
6. TONGSWOOD FAIRY. 7. TONGSWOOD MISSY. 8. TONGSWOOD LADY DUDLEY.

April 4th, 1910. His sire was Special Stamp, and he is full of Sittyton blood. Among his ancestors on the male side he numbers Mr. Robertson's famous Young Ladykirk, and on the female side his dam and granddam was each a Butterfly, and there are Duchesses and Broadhooks before them. He won the first prize at a mid-Kent show. Windmill Marquis was calved the day after Bold Broadhooks. He is a roan, bred by Mr. R. W. Bell of Windmill Farm, Coagh, Tyrone. He is by Aristocrat, and on the dam side there are several Strowan Marchionesses and Groats. He has won many prizes. It is impossible in the space at our disposal to do justice to each of these fine animals, but it may be mentioned that among the recent bulls used have been Christ was Cheer, by Mr. Duthie's Pride of Farnham, a great roan bred by the Duke of Northumberland; Bapton Yeoman, one of the best produced by Mr. Deane Willis, is the sire of Tongswood Bamton, the winner of many champion prizes during 1911. The cows and heifers tell their own tale. It deserves mention that, in addition to the short-horns, Mr. Gunther has a fine flock of Romney Marsh sheep. It is composed of the finest specimens of the breed. We give two pictures, one of which may be taken as a very typical example of the head of this breed of sheep.



A TYPICAL ROMNEY MARSH HEAD



ONE OF THE FLOCK.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

FARMING IN BLOCKS

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

ONE day last week I chanced to look over a farm which has several points that may interest those engaged in agriculture. The present tenant will have been in it for twelve months on March 25th. Before he took it up the land had been starved and neglected. In fact, his predecessor, after losing many thousands of pounds, became broke altogether, and his story is to be found in the annals of the courts. It was no child's task, then, that fell to the lot of his successor, who, by the bye, had already two adjoining holdings under his control; but it is remarkable what can be accomplished by energy and thought, even under very adverse conditions. The whole appearance of the farm is already altered to the eyes of those who see. Even the chance passer-by cannot help noticing, for example, that the hawthorn hedges are clipped and clean, giving a tidy appearance to the fields and also forming fences such as neither sheep nor cattle can break through. This thoroughness is characteristic of the whole management. But the most striking feature is that the farmer is making his arrangements to work all his land, which amounts to about seven hundred acres, on what he calls the block system. He follows a four-course rotation. His predecessor, like many another farmer, had been in the habit of letting each individual field follow the rotation independently of what the others were doing. Thus the hay crop had to be gathered from the four points of the compass, and it was the same with the corn crops and the roots. The new tenant saw that this involved a great waste of time on his own part and on that of his labourers. He is therefore arranging that his land should be divided roughly into four blocks. As a result a very great saving of labour will be effected, as well as other advantages. Take, for example, the hay. It will be more convenient both for sowing and cutting, and still more for oversight. A man who attends to the management of his crops is bound to look personally into the work. But if different gangs of labourers are working at separate points of the holding, it obviously necessitates that he should go from one to the other and thus lose considerable time; but if the men are concentrated in one place he can keep them much better under his eye. Again, it is much easier to deal with the hay when it is made. Each field has a passage into its neighbours, and thus the produce can be stacked in the

most convenient way at a minimum of labour. These observations apply with equal point to the corn harvest. All the different proceedings connected with it can be done with less moving about and, therefore, less waste of labour, than if, as formerly, the crops were grown in isolated fields. Undoubtedly then this system of mapping out a farm in blocks is very economical. It is accompanied in this case with some difficulties. For example, in order to bring the fields into the plan it has been necessary to grow two root crops in succession. Thus turnips this year are following potatoes; but, after all, there is no great disadvantage in the land receiving two good manurings one after the other, especially as it was left in very poor condition by the outgoing tenant.

The new farmer is noted for his independence of judgment and enterprise, and one was therefore curious to know what lines he is following at the present moment. I remember a few years ago when he had no opinion of sheep, but this has been completely altered by recent history. He has been selling his sheep extremely well this year. "They were as dear as salmon," was his terse way of putting it, and therefore he has largely increased his flock of Hampshire Downs. Similarly, he is of opinion that the demand for beef is a growing one, and he thinks that raising calves is likely to produce much better pecuniary results than running a dairy, especially as he has not much confidence in the system of additional requirements and inspectors which is likely to come out of Mr. John Burns' Milk Bill. What he is doing is to refrain altogether from selling milk and utilising the produce of his cows in rearing calves, for which certain low-lying meadows, with a stream

running through them, are extremely well suited. It was suggested to him that he might to some purpose devote this grazing to Shire horses; but he found that there was not enough limestone, and it would not be possible to get the amount of bone required in really first-class Shires. Sheep and cattle he considers are much safer and more likely to be profitable as things are going just now. In former years a large part of his income was derived from hay, which was sold to go to London; but the experience of the last year has rather damped his enthusiasm for hay-growing. The place of consumption is London, and in London the horse is a diminishing quantity. What was really a fancy price used to be given by those who had large studs of horses in town. Now all that can be expected as the price of hay is its value for feeding farmstock. Therefore, it would be a mistake to place too much trust in hay during future years. This is his line of argument; but it may be that the reasoning is based on what happened during the past winter. A great many dealers were rather taken in last autumn. They thought hay was sure to rise in value, and bought largely on that assumption; but prices took a downward trend, and many of them have suffered in consequence. Certainly one would think that the demand for hay must diminish to a great extent in towns owing to the substitution of motors for horse-drawn vehicles; but it is possible to be too positive on that point.

One very striking feature about the management of this farm lies in the thoroughness and care with which the books are kept. Every transaction is entered in a day book, and every week an abstract made of the payments and receipts under their proper headings, so that in a moment one can see the exact expenditure and income of any week in the year, and this is carried through so as to give a complete summary at the end of the year. The receipts are docketed in monthly packets. No doubt it is difficult for anyone cultivating the soil to give an exact profit and loss account at the end of twelve months, because there are operations in husbandry whose effect is calculated to extend to a longer period; but this method, homely and simple as it is, gives as close an approximation to the exact results as is possible.

THE SO-CALLED NON-ECONOMIC RENT OF COTTAGES.

It seems to us a great pity that such phrases as non-economic and charity rents should be freely used by people who ought to know better. Village cottages, when they do not belong to the estate, are let for what they will bring, and nobody who knows anything about the matter will for a single moment assert that there is any question of charity about the transaction. When a farm cottage is let at something between a shilling and two shillings a week, the words we have cited are equally inaccurate as will be evident to anyone who gives the matter attention. They, with few exceptions, were originally built by the landowner who let them with the farm. When the tenant took his holding he probably considered the accommodation provided for labour as part of the inducement to make the bargain. Thus between the landlord and his tenant no question of benevolent or charity cottage rents arises. The farmer, when seeking labourers to work on the land, is in the habit of advertising in the newspapers "Cottage and garden," sometimes "rent free," sometimes at a nominal rent, and, if he does not advertise, he nevertheless puts forward the cheap cottage as an inducement for the labourer to "sign on." In that transaction there is nothing at all charitable. The farmer is making the best bargain he can and is giving nothing away, just as the landowner made the best bargain he could and gave nothing away; while the labourer is getting as much as he possibly can in return for his work. Obviously, then, such phrases as benevolent rents, non-economic rents, and charity rents are extremely misleading, and it would be as well for those who meet to discuss the affairs of the agricultural labourer that they should be dropped.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INTENSIVE POULTRY-FARMING.

SIR,—Following up the correspondence recently appearing upon this subject, may I be permitted to draw attention to the custom said to be coming into vogue of building a single large house for the accommodation of poultry instead of a number of small ones. With this fact in mind, I was interested to read

the success of a Canadian poultry-farmer on five acres. Unfortunately, no balance-sheet is published, the enquirer having to be content with the statement that three years ago the gentleman concerned held a good appointment with an American railway company. Having to take a long holiday for the sake of his health, he started poultry-keeping as an amusement, only to stay on instead of returning to his old post when he found the pursuit remunerative. About one thousand laying hens are kept, divided equally between white Leghorns and barred rocks, the former doing better in summer, the latter laying more in winter. In summer the birds are kept in twelve or more movable houses, and in winter they are transferred to a long, continuous house one hundred and fifty-five feet by sixteen feet. This in turn is sub-divided into seven rooms communicating with each other. Each room receives plenty of light from two large windows, between which is an opening nine feet long and three feet high, three feet above the floor. This remains open at night unless the temperature falls below zero, when a curtain is lowered. The opening is cut three feet from the ground, partly to do away with risk of draughts, but mainly that at some portion of the day sunlight may penetrate to every part of the floor, whereas if it were on the ground level this would not be the case. The perches, about four feet high, are along the wall furthest from the opening, and a foot under each is a wide dropping-board, which promotes ease of cleaning every day and also acts as a draught excluder. After these boards have been cleansed in the morning they are covered with lime or ashes. Water is supplied in abundance, it being estimated that the hens drink twenty bucketfuls daily. Methods of feeding need not be mentioned, as they are on conventional lines. Some three thousand eggs are hatched in incubators yearly, and half as many in a natural manner. The cockerels are sold at an early age as "broilers," paying for the selling of the eggs at market price, cost of working incubators and brooders, the food of the cockerels and the keep of the pullets until they are three months old. Every time I visit my farming friends I am grieved at the neglected revenue which might be derivable from poultry. I do not say there is a fortune in it, but I am most emphatically of the opinion that very decent profits could be realised if more attention were paid to egg and chicken production. Rent costs nothing, and food is to be had at the first cost, and not, as in the case of the poultry-farmer pure and simple, after it has passed through several hands, with an accretion of profit to each plus cost of carriage and handling. Only too often no consideration is given to the stock kept. A hen is a hen and nothing more to the ordinary farmer, yet experienced men know perfectly well that some varieties are much more profitable than others. Then look at the number of old hens that one sees which have outlived their period of usefulness, and are really being housed and fed at a loss.—A. C. S.

THE BREEDING OF LIGHT HORSES.

WITH the Hunters Improvement Show has come

and gone what is undoubtedly the most important fixture of the season. As the only one at which the stallions for use in the coming season may be seen, and as the medium of official recognition of the great national subject of light-horse-breeding, its importance can hardly be over-estimated. I do not propose to discuss in detail the various items of interest; these are dealt with in many different ways, from the simple prize-list to the detailed criticism on the decisions of the judges. It is easy to endorse the judgment of those who are chosen as experts for the somewhat thankless task of judging, and it is almost as easy to give reasons for differing from their judgments. It is particularly tempting to do the latter, as one of the most favourite ways of demonstrating one's knowledge of any subject is by criticising the judgment of others; and in judging horses there is such diversity of opinion that it is possible to make a little knowledge go a very long way. As years pass and show follows show, there is one point that has always struck me in connection with this intensely interesting show of stallions, and upon which, as attacking no individual judgment, I may be allowed to say a few words. It is the matter of a defect common to a very large proportion of light horses,



HER FIRST VISIT TO LONDON.

and that is that they are very often too heavy for their legs, more particularly the fore legs. Looking at the stallions at Islington during the shows of the last few years, I have become more and more convinced of this fact, and that its origin is generally with the sire. No practical horseman or hunting-man can fail to know from experience that something like seventy per cent. of the accidents and leg failures to horses occur to the fore legs. I take it that this fact is beyond controversy; and yet, so used to it we seem to have become, that the Eastern fanatic could not accept with more philosophy the ills which Fate sends him than we do this perfectly remediable weakness.

The matter of the choice of stallions to counteract this or any other defect is, of course, rendered more difficult in the case of hunter-breeding than with other breeds.

from the fact that what ultimately becomes the hunter stallion has originally been bred for a quite different purpose, that of racing, and is generally relegated to this sphere of life after having proved himself a comparative failure for his original purpose. How far the fact of breeding for modern racing purposes is to blame for the defect in question I should not like to say, but I think probably a good deal. Though I have little sympathy personally with their objects, I think the hackney-breeders' success in producing what they require is most admirable, and should



THE CHAMPION ON PARADE.

the same consistency of object and effort be put into breeding to types in hunters, I think this defect could be largely remedied. Few hunter-breeders would care to breed from a horse which had curby hocks or any such obvious malformation, but many would accept the fact of a horse having a deficiency of bone in front, a defect which he would be much more likely to transmit to his stock. The tape, of course, measures both bone and tendon, but as the position of the tendon has much to do with the strength of the leg, this measurement is a fairly satisfactory one. Few thorough-bred horses measure as much as nine inches below the knee; but given quality of bone along with it, I should say that the man who was breeding horses for use would be much wiser to use a horse with something like this amount of bone in front, even if he was deficient in some other respects.

I have tried, at the risk of coming into competition with the photographer, to draw a sketch of Rockaway, a horse that struck me as somewhat representative of the type desired, and I see that it is claimed for him that he measures nine inches below the knee. I should like to have drawn some more horses which illustrate my point, but, fortunately, space does not permit, as in some cases it might lead to libel actions, and inevitably to unpopularity, if nothing worse.

Apart from the show of stallions, the "Hunters' Improvement" is much like other shows; one sees to what a fine art has been

brought the forcing of young stock, till one wonders where it will end and if someone has not in reality discovered the secret of "The Food of the Gods" of H. G. Wells' romance. Fortunately, Nature seems at a later period to put down her foot and insist on some limit, or the wooden "Horse of Troy"



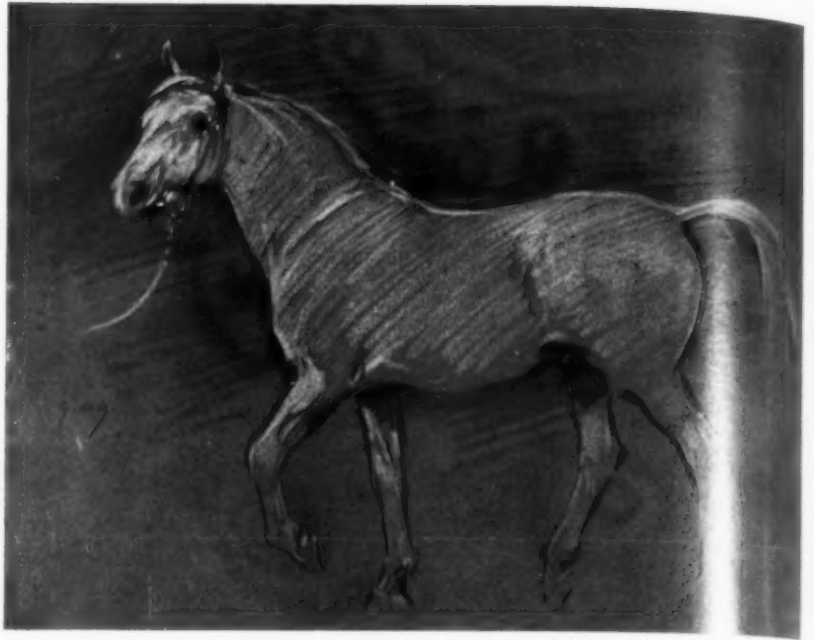
ROCKAWAY.

would be a mere pony beside the modern hunter. Surely this forcing of young stock is like burning the candle at both ends, and what is gained in the beginning will be deducted at the other end.

On Friday and Saturday the spring horse show season was brought to a close by the very successful exhibition of the Polo and Riding Pony Society. This body is deserving of the hearty support of all who are interested in pony breeding, because their attention is directed not only to polo ponies, but to every possible means by which the various breeds of pony can be improved. On a future occasion something more will be said about the work of this society. G. DENHOLM ARMOUR.

THE UNIVERSITY SPORTS.

THE "Jubilee" meeting at athletic sports between Oxford and Cambridge would in any case have been a notable event, but Friday's meeting was particularly so, on account of the presence of the King and the Prince of Wales, the latter of whom had on the day before watched his University make their already historic spurt in the Boat Race. The achievements of the competitors and the thrilling closeness of the contest were in every way worthy of the occasion, and the result—a tie, with a score of five events to each side—should have left all parties reasonably well pleased. Cambridge men may perhaps have a little justification if they regard such an ending as being something of a moral victory, because as long as the Weight and the Hammer form part of the programme, it seems likely that Oxford will be able to produce Rhodes Scholars from America who are absolutely certain to win them, and thus Cambridge begin the day with two 16lb. millstones round their necks. It may be urged that Englishmen ought to be able to acquire skill in these rather depressing pursuits as well as gentlemen from Iowa or Oklahoma; but the fact is pretty clear that they either cannot or will not. The Hammer and the Weight are inordinately dull events in any case, and when the result is never in doubt, the last flickering spark of interest in them vanishes. If one or both of them could be removed from the programme, it is difficult to believe that in a year or two even the men of Oxford would not rejoice, although, in these times of Olympic enthusiasm, this may appear a most improper sentiment.



THE ARAB STALLION, ZOOWAR.

Oxford certainly had a very fine exponent of the strong man's arts in Ziegler, who put the weight 43ft. 3in. and threw the hammer over 142ft.; but they had other great men besides. Nothing finer than Jackson's Mile or Gaussen's Three Miles have been seen for a long time at Queen's Club. The day was against good times, since all the way up the back stretch the runners had to fight a strong and gusty wind. Under the circumstances, Gaussen's 14min. 47sec. in the Three Miles—with a 3sec. of Horan's record—was perfectly magnificent, perhaps the best individual performance in the sports, while Jackson, on a still day, must surely have got down to 4min. 17sec. or thereabouts in the Mile; 4min. 24sec. is a fine time, but it was not nearly so good as Jackson's running. The real test of his merits was the way in which he ran such a good miler as Clarke, the Cambridge president, completely off his legs, and the ridiculous ease with which he won.

The hero of the day, however, was neither Jackson nor Gaussen, but Ashington of Cambridge. He first won the Hurdles in 16 1-5sec., then he beat Fry's Long Jump record with 23ft. 5 1/2in., and finally he won the Half-mile in 2min. 1-5sec. No one has ever won three events before in the Oxford and Cambridge Sports. Had Ashington competed in the High Jump, it is conceivable that he might have won that also, for he has at Cambridge done almost, if not quite, as well as Crossley's winning jump of 5ft. 8 1/2in. He is clearly a wonderful all-round athlete, and if we indulged in a pentathlon, we should not have to go beyond Ashington to find the winner.

It was a day memorable rather for the brilliancy of the winners' feats than for the closeness of individual races. Jackson and Gaussen, of course, ran away from their fields, and Ashington's two races were won with a good deal in hand. Again, the Quarter-mile, rich in the memories of Jordan and Fitzherbert, was more or less tame. It was not comparable in excitement to the race last year, when Macmillan, obviously exhausted, yet keeping that wonderful stride of his, fought his way home in front of Anderson in 49 2-5sec., and that on a rain-sodden track. Gordon Davies, however, ran very well. Unlike the Quarter, the Hundred was a really exciting race, and at the end the proverbial pocket-handkerchief might have covered the first three men. Shepherd of Oxford got away best, and had a decided lead at half distance; then Davies and Macintosh began to gain, and in a terrific finish Macintosh, the Cambridge second string, gained the verdict by inches from Davies, with Shepherd only a few behind.



POLO PONY SHOW: CHILDREN'S PONY CLASS.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE WRONG AND THE RIGHT BODY SWAY.

BEELIEVE that there are an enormous number of the students of the gentle art of golf to-day who are ruining their prospects of ever acquiring a true, graceful and powerful driving stroke by an exaggerated fear of committing the crime which is held before their eyes as one of the most deadly that they can commit—"swaying the body." I am not going to deny that it is a crime, if "swaying the body" means a certain movement which carries the head also with it; but in their fear of moving the position of the body—and the body has to be moved if the swing is to be rightly done at all—they have learnt to keep themselves in such a cramped attitude at the upper part of the swing that it is a wonder that its lower part occasionally does have the effect of a tolerably true and forceful hitting of the ball.

There is at least one professional teacher of golf to-day who will go to the length of bidding his pupils, for fear of commission of this heinous sin of body-sway, keep the main weight of the body on one foot and leg all the while during the whole course of the swing—the left. The club cannot come back to the ball with any grace, and it comes with little force. But—they do not sway the body. Certainly they do not. They keep it so rigid that it is quite impossible for them to put any body weight or any body work into the stroke at all. It is almost wholly a stroke accomplished with the arms. I will ask the reader to get up from his chair and try for himself the movements of the swing, keeping his weight on the left foot all the while. He will not fail to realise the discomfort of his position at the top of the swing, and if he should be thus posturing before a looking-glass, he will be very naturally surprised to find that it is possible for a figure so graceful as his own to appear so inelegant. And seeing that he is on his feet, he may as well go to the book-shelf and fetch down one or other of those volumes which no self-respecting golfer should be without—such as the old "Badminton," the "New Book of Golf," or, better still, Mr. Beldam's "Great Golfers: Their Methods at a Glance," or my own "Book of Golf and Golfers." He will there see how very many of the great men, and almost all of the graceful men, have thrown back their weight, as they swung up the club, on the right foot and leg so that the right hip and the end of its bone—the great trochanter, as the anatomists call it—is so pushed out to the right of the player that if a plumb-line were dropped from it the line would touch the ground to the right of the player's foot. In any case, if the body is not swung so much to the right as that, it is swung round, with a turn of the hips, and its weight is directed on to the right leg. Then, as the club comes back to the ball, the weight is thrown on the left leg and foot, and it is thus, and thus only, that the body-weight can be brought in to help the force of the blow. But there is another and a better way yet. Go to the links and watch the players at their real work. That will show you. There you will see the use these men make of their bodies; they do not employ those good frames which Nature has given them as if they were barrels set up on a single stick, for their arms to swing round; they bring these useful and principal bits of their anatomy

into the very active service of the stroke. But be very careful to notice that they all "swing to an anchor," to take a nautical metaphor for the operation. That anchor is the head. Get a man to photograph you as you are addressing the ball, exposing the plate only about half the proper time; then get him to photograph you again, without altering the position of the camera, on the same plate, again giving the plate about half the proper period of its exposure. The result ought to be two ghosts of yourself, the one addressing the ball, the other at the top of the swing, and you ought to find that the two ghosts have but one head in common, though all the rest will have moved their place except the right foot and the extreme tip of the left big toe. Of course, the head will have turned a little, but very little, and not nearly enough to make it difficult to keep the eyes on the ball; and the head ought to occupy one place only on the plate. You need not be afraid of any accusation of swaying of the body brought against

you, provided you do not show two ghosts of a head in a photograph such as this; but if you find, on looking at a photograph thus taken, that there are two ghostly heads, then your body sway is indeed the crime that it is commonly considered, because such a sway as this alters the relative distance of eye and ball, and so must exercise a disconcerting influence on the stroke.

I will say one final word. It is conceivable, though it is ridiculous that it should be, that there may be persons so unintelligent as to suppose that I think it at all likely that the reader will go forthwith and have himself photographed as I suggest. Were he to do so, it is true that it would be all the better for his golfing health; but I haven't the presumption to think that my recipes will be swallowed so obediently. My real motive in speaking of this photographic notion was to convey to the reader's mind the general sense of what I am driving at—the absolute necessity of keeping the head in one place, and the equal necessity of letting the body movements be free and uncramped if the golfing swing is to be a thing of beauty and correctness. H. G. H.



THE BODY WELL FORWARD AT THE FINISH.

Mr. Mure Fergusson with Mr. Hutchinson admiring him.

STOKE POGES AND ITS NEW BUNKERS.

HOW frequently it happens, unless, indeed, we have a rare gift for golfing "architecture," that we do at all realise how much a certain bunker was wanted till we find it dug. For instance, I

always had a notion that at Stoke Poges one had continually to be playing long and accurate second shots up to the hole with very little margin for error. Now, on revisiting the course after an absence of some two or three months, I have discovered that there are some places that badly needed bunkers, and, further, that some shots of mine that used to deposit the ball near but not on the greens, were not really as good as they ought to have been. Those very nearly good shots now go into some new bunkers, and golf has unquestionably become more interesting. One good example is to be seen at the seventeenth, which was always a very good hole, with the tee shot between the wood and the bunker and a fine slashing second over the brook. There was, perhaps, one weakish spot in that, once over the stream, the ball might be rather crooked without getting into trouble. That has now been seen to; there is a little army of greedy-looking pot bunkers waiting for their prey, and the hole is a really splendid one, even for that most exacting place in a course—the seventeenth. To mention a few others, the twelfth has a new bunker close to the green on the left; the tee shot to the fourteenth is well bunkered on the right, and at the home hole there is a new horror to catch a long slice, a shot hitherto regarded with considerable complacency.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED CROSS-BUNKERS.

My list is not yet exhausted. Those who think that the fashion of lateral hazards has gone altogether too far, will be delighted to see one or two good, old-fashioned cross-bunkers rearing their alarming heads in the middle of the fairway. The topper is to receive his just reward. There is one such bunker at the thirteenth and another, of a particularly formidable character, is, I am told, to be built on the tenth—a good place for it, for I have grateful recollections of topping tee shots and then getting fours at this particular hole. Another improvement has been made at the seventh, the short hole by the side of the brook, which, although young, may almost be called famous. It will be remembered that a road used to run along the left-hand side of the green. Sometimes a badly-hooked ball would bound off the grass wall on to the hard road and so on to the green. Sometimes, again, a ball would lie most undeservedly well on this road and at other times horribly badly. In fact, it was rather a fluky road altogether, and is well replaced by an honest, impartial sand bunker, running all along the left-hand side of the green. This is, I think, a most decided improvement and will make this admirable hole better than ever.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TADPOLES HIBERNATING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. K. O. Vaughan's belief that "a tadpole can be kept as such for two years or more by preventing it having access to land" appears to be based not on experience, but on theory, and theory resting on false premises. Far from being undeveloped in the tadpole, the lungs are very well developed and function in addition to the gills, besides serving as hydrostatic organs. The resorption of the gills is an ontogenetic phenomenon independent of the development of the lungs, and cannot be hindered at will by depriving the creature from access to land. If prevented from doing so at the proper moment, the young frog will simply die. I am, of course, speaking of our common frog, as it is well known that the transformation may be much retarded in the case of some other batrachians, the Midwife toad, for instance, which frequently remains for two years in the larval condition, and may have caused some confusion in the mind of your correspondent. I fear Mr. Vaughan's memory betrays him when he tells us that he saw the tail of a tadpole disappear the same day it crawled out of the water. The resorption of the tail in tadpoles is a gradual and slow process, taking several days; the tail is usually reduced to a stump when the frog takes to land, but even twelve hours would not be time sufficient for its total disappearance. The cause of death in baby frogs prevented from leaving the water is not due to the loss of the gills, which could easily be dispensed with, as the lungs are there and the frog can draw air from the surface, as does an adult, but to a modification of the skin which accompanies the last stages of the metamorphosis, and for a time prevents cutaneous respiration in the water. It must not be forgotten that neither gills nor lungs are absolutely essential to the respiration in batrachians, as some are known to be deprived of both.—G. A. BOULENGER.

EASTERTIDE IN OTHER LANDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A common sight in Spain, particularly at Eastertide, is the heavily-laden



GREENERY FOR EASTER.

GETTING READY FOR THE LONDON FOURSOMES.

All these alterations will be ready for the London Amateur Foursomes Tournament, which is to be played at Stoke just after Easter. Already there is a formidable list of entries. Since the vast improvement of playing off on three consecutive days was introduced, this tournament has been a most unquestionable success, as regards attracting the London golfer. Among the couples who have already entered are a good many who must be regarded as dark horses, for with a knowledge which, if not "peculiar," is reasonably "extensive," I must confess to ignorance of the exploits of some of them. There are some, however, of considerable fame, and one couple in particular who should have a great chance of winning, namely, Mr. H. E. Taylor and Mr. H. L. Doherty, who are to play for Coombe Hill. Both from the point of view of actual skill and from that of temperament these two should make a fine combination. Then there are Mr. Rand and Mr. Brann, who won three years ago, and a pair that may not catch the public eye, but for whom I have a considerable fancy—Mr. Mellin and Mr. Scott of Park Langley. If Mr. Harris' partner is in form, Aston should take some beating, and there are sure to be some other very good couples. Altogether, it should be an amusing tournament. B. D.

little donkey wending its way to the churches and cathedrals with floral decorations for the festival. Our photograph shows one of these little animals with his load of green to intersperse with the floral decorations. The photograph was taken in Seville, where the church festivals (one of which is the consecration of palms and olive branches) are among the most important in Spain, and attract crowds of strangers from all parts of the world at this season of the year.—HORACE W. NICHOLS.

RURAL HOUSING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Again you have fallen into the error of thinking that I am opposed to any cottages being tied to a farm. I have said quite the contrary, for I recognise that, as a rule, a certain number must be so tied. What I did take objection to was the system of all cottages in a village being tied or all being owned by one man.—STRACHIE.

[As the slummiest villages in England are those where the cottages belong to a multitude of poor and small owners, there does not seem to be much force in this protest.—ED.]

"A LITTLE HARRY."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The pleasing photograph in a recent issue of "a little Harry" brings to mind that incidents of the like are by no means uncommon. It often happens that a farrow of pigs is greater than the sow's teat accommodation provides, when the last and weakest of the litter is pushed aside and becomes pined. In most of the Midland Counties the little weakling is known as "a racklin'" or "recklin'."—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

THE WORLD'S TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The T.R. and F. Association has recently made a most surprising announcement in the Press to the effect that unless the present world's champion, G. F. Covey, plays within a period of twenty-one days chosen by the committee, the challenger shall forthwith "claim the Championship"! Now, the present challenger is not even second in succession to the title of champion, as he has yet to prove himself better than Punch Fairs, let alone the champion, who has beaten him in his own court. To claim the title would therefore only be making himself look foolish. Of course, there are people who will "claim" anything, from votes to the throne of England or the Imperial crown of Russia, a form of claim which, we believe, daily fills the Royal and Imperial waste-paper-baskets, and any such claim to the World's Tennis Championship, even backed up by an amateur Vatican council, would certainly follow the association's "important ruling" into the champion's waste-paper-basket. The self-constituted Vatican appears prepared to "Call for its candle, its bell and its book" to excommunicate Covey should he fail to comply with its commands; but it seems likely to be a case of:

Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse.

A society must indeed be in a weak position if it is compelled to excuse its committee's decisions on the ground that, at any rate, "they are honourable gentlemen"! Honourable gentlemen are, unfortunately, liable to error as well as dishonourable gentlemen; but there is no reason that their errors should be accepted as law! For instance, the gentleman who wrote to the *Times*, and whose honour has never been mentioned, makes two serious errors of fact which are due to an insufficient knowledge of his subject. By another error a strictly confidential communication made to the committee appears to have been published in the Press. Honourable incapacity is hardly the ideal for a "governing body." The T.R. and F. Association acknowledged their incapacity and lack of jurisdiction over Covey by writing to Covey before the committee met, actually asking him to send in his written submission in advance not only to their coming decision, but also to all others that might possibly arise in the future! This letter was in the nature of the old nursery rhyme, "Pray walk into my parlour said the Spider to the Fly." I must emphatically contradict the statements made in the Press that the match was arranged for May, that Covey asked for a "postponement," or that the challenge was accepted through the association. They are all untrue. The facts are these: The *Sportsman* is stakeholder in this match; Mr. Lytton (Covey's backer) has covered Johnson's deposit to bind his challenge; no date has been settled, but the articles of the match will be drawn up for a date not sooner than October. Should Johnson be unwilling to play Covey, then his deposit will be forfeited and Covey will turn his attention to other challenges.—J. LYTTON.

RECORD PRICE FOR A HUNTER.
[To the Editor of "Country Life."]
Sir,—King Pin (bred in Ireland), who has regularly hunted during the last two years with the Rufford, Blankney and Lord Harrington's, is eight years of age. His owner, Mr. Trueblood, bought him for one guinea in an open market auction at Sutton-cum-Beckingham, Lincolnshire. King Pin was then broken down, but now he can hold his own with the best, and Mr. Trueblood has refused several good offers for him. I think this must be the record price for a hunter.—HOWARD BARRETT.



THE HUNTER THAT COST A GUINEA.

THE LONDON GULLS.
[To the Editor of "Country Life."]
Sir,—The accompanying photograph, taken at the Round Pond, Kensington Gardens, shows our London gulls at, perhaps, the most interesting period of their visit. As with most of the flocks which are seen in our parks, nearly all the members belong to the so-called black-headed species. The hood, however, is actually a dark brown, and its appearance shows that the winter dress is giving place to the new plumage. The gulls will soon be leaving us to breed in some far-away mere or pond, probably in Norfolk or North Lincolnshire, a score of miles, it may be inland. The Scawby gulleries in the latter county, and Oulton Mere in the former, are the best-known haunts on the East Coast. The harsh

spite of all Albert could do, he either could not or would not come out. The Master then decided to have all the rocks pulled away and removed from where fox and dog had vanished. Many and willing hands were soon working hard at what proved to be a very formidable job, but after quarrying for some hours and removing some tons of rock, the results were nil—there was not the least sign



GULLS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

guttural cry which gives the bird the popular name of the laughing gull (*Larus ridibundus*) soon will be heard no more until next winter.—J. PACKHAM.

A COMPLETE STOPPAGE.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—The enclosed photograph represents two drain-pipes and four matted wads of willow roots which had grown into and completely blocked these two pipes and two others. The lengths of the pipes and of the wads of roots are shown

by comparison with the walking-stick photographed with them. A considerable length of pipes in a wet meadow near the house was thus rendered useless and had to be taken up and relaid. It is, of course, not uncommon for roots of trees, especially those of willows when growing close to drain-pipes, to grow into the pipes and com-



DRAIN-PIPES BLOCKED BY WILLOW ROOTS.

pletely stop the flow of water in this way; but I have never seen an instance of pipes being so completely blocked as these—almost as completely as if they had been rammed full of coarse tow.—MILLER CHRISTY.

WITH THE STANTON DALE HUNT.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—The title of this narrative is perhaps rather misleading, for it is not a description of a day's hunting, but an account of an interesting experience that befel the Stanton Dale Hounds during a Saturday's run

of fox or dog, and the only end reached was that of nearly everyone's patience. Anyhow, the day had practically gone, for it had got to four o'clock, and as there seemed no prospect of further sport, most of the members gave it up and went home. The Master (Mr. S. S. Lockwood) remained with the huntsmen, etc., and carried on until eight o'clock. He had then reluctantly to give the word for home, and a weird time it was, both for man and beast, worrying out over sunken rocks and through trees to the road, in the pitch dark and in pouring rain. Albert remained behind alone, and kept a solitary vigil until ten o'clock; then he, too, left, and got home to Scarborough at midnight, wet through to the skin, without the dog, and utterly miserable. His bed brought him little rest that night, for he scarcely had a wink of sleep and was thankful when the night had passed away. At 6 a.m. he was out and off—it was Sunday morning, but there was really no help for it—and getting assistance on his way up, four of them reached the scene about 7.30 a.m. and pitched into the work



THE TWO FAMOUS TERRIERS, SPOT AND TARTAR.

again. Dislodging rock, they worked away until nine o'clock, and then saw part of the terrier projecting from underneath a platform of solid rock. They got him out—alive, thank goodness, but that was just about all. The plucky dog had stuck to his grim task for sixteen hours consecutively—surely a remarkable example of grit and determination. The skin of his face and muzzle was all torn and matted with blood, and he was minus four front teeth of the upper jaw, eloquent testimony to his splendid courage and perseverance. After the terrier had been attended to, the fox was pulled out, dead and worried. It was then apparent why it had not bolted, for it had backed into a pocket of the rock, and as there was no space at either sides or back for the terrier to get between fox and rock, both of them had fought face to face to the end. There was evidence that the dog, not being able to bolt the fox, had seized it by the scruff of its neck, and had tried to pull it out from the front. The fox would no doubt have gladly bolted, but the terrier, being right in its path, had practically bottled it up, which was proved by the fact of both fox and dog having got all the punishment about the head and neck. The fox (a dog) was remarkable; the tusks, instead of being almost straight, were curled right round like the top half of the capital letter S, so that its age must have been considerable, and in all probability it belonged to the latter part of last century. Albert, who has been terrier man to the Stainton Dale for some forty years, says he has never seen anything like it before in his life.

In conclusion, dog-lovers may be interested to know that Spot was, much to his disgust, placed "on the shelf" for several runs after this occurrence, but he was out for a twelve-mile walk with us the other day and is now quite fit again, being as keen and eager as ever for many another day with the Stainton Dale Hunt.—A. PILKINGTON.

INTERIORS OF SCOTCH COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—Enclosed are photographs of the interiors of several humble Scottish homes which might



THE PORRINGER OVER AN OPEN FIRE.

interest your readers, or, at least, such of them as are of an antiquarian bent, and which form a striking contrast to "The stately homes of England," illustrated weekly in your pages. One of them—that with the sticks piled up to dry underneath the fire—was taken at Balquhider, in the Rob Roy country, in a cottage still occupied by a Macgregor. The others are in the Aberfoyle district, and are about the only specimens of the kind now to be found in that neighbourhood. They have only earthen floors, and in wet and stormy weather the rain soaks through the thatch on the roof and gathers in little pools on the floor. An old woman, about eighty, lives in one of them, and, although it is scarcely habitable, nothing will induce her to leave the place where she has spent all her days. An old man, over seventy, lives alone in the other, and, as can be seen from the photograph, it is a rather unattractive-looking place. Being now unfit for work, he is kept by the Parish Council, and



OLD DONALD'S HABITATION.

as his habits are not of the cleanest, he has to be washed occasionally. On being asked recently if they washed old Donald often now, one of the councillors replied, "Oh, no; we've stopped washing him now; we give him a scrape occasionally." It is difficult to get good photographs of such subjects; they are so badly lighted. All of them got from ten to fifteen minutes' exposure on the quickest plates, and were so dark that I could not focus them, but had to arrange my camera outside and then take it in and fix it up as best I could, and I did not know how much was shown on the plates till they were developed.—W. REID.

A CANINE HUMOURIST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We wonder if any of your readers ever knew a dog who invented a game for herself! We have an Irish terrier who each night after dinner, when she has already been given a number of her favourite biscuits, comes into the billiard-room with her master. She waits until he has lighted his cigar, and then comes from under the table to the fireplace, where she stands gazing up at her mistress, asking for more of her special biscuits.

When, however, one is offered to her she absolutely refuses even to look at it, no matter how it is pressed upon her, but looks up at her master and then upon the floor, which means she wishes the biscuit thrown down. When this is done she still refuses to have anything to do with it until someone says, "Well, I will have it," and runs to pick it up; then she pounces upon it and gobbles it up as fast as she can, with as many more as she can get. This game is played regularly twice every day. No one ever taught her to do it; but we think that, being an Irish dog, she has a keen sense of humour.—P. J. W.



A HOME OF A MACGREGOR IN THE ROB ROY COUNTRY.

March 22



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